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December 30, 1964

Registered in Australia for trans-
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 30, 1964

Vol. 32, No. 31

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Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4085WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1850, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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OUR COVER

Do you recognise all the Australian wild-flowers on the cover? For the festive season there are Christmas Bells (*Blandfordia grandiflora*) and Christmas bush (*Ceratopetalum gummiferum*) with gum blossom (*Angophora cordifolia*) and flannel flowers (*Actinotus helianthi*). Picture is by Adelie Hurley.

WORTH REPORTING

"WHEN I draw animals they usually finish up looking like human beings," says Sydney artist Joan Morrison, who illustrated the children's drawing book in this issue.

The book, "You Can Draw a Kangaroo," produced by the Australian News and Information Bureau, has won high praise in the 21 countries where it has been distributed.

The bureau supplies information about Australia to other countries in the form of films, posters, handbooks, and newspaper and magazine articles.

"You Can Draw a Kangaroo" was its first production designed to appeal to children in other lands.

Joan Morrison spent months doing research at the Australian Museum so that her drawings would be accurate. Climbing a ladder to look into the mouth of a frilled lizard was routine.



ARTIST Joan Morrison with some of her sketches for the Drawing Book in this issue and one of her daffy "Morrison girls."

The verses, by Ronald McCuaig and Isla Stuart, give instructions for drawing Australian animals and describe some of their habits with zoological accuracy.

"When I was asked to illustrate these poems, I decided the main thing was to get the drawings as accurate as possible because they were for children in other countries who aren't familiar with our animals," Miss Morrison said.

The wife of Botany Bay Harbourmaster Mr. A. Wilkinson, Joan Morrison has painted murals for a number of schools near her home at Gordon, N.S.W.

She first won fame as an artist during the war years for her "Morrison girls"—cartoon beauties which were in great demand as pin-ups among Australian troops.

The graceful, long-legged lovelies brought her a huge fan-mail. Most admirers thought she was a man.

Miss Morrison turned to paintings with child appeal when her own son and daughter, now 19 and 16, were babies. She covered one wall of their nursery with characters from nursery rhymes and fairy-tales.

"I like drawing for chil-

dren because I think they really are quite interested in drawing, and they are so matter-of-fact about it," she said.

"While I was working at the Australian Museum, the children would come round and tell me how their own drawings were going."

"You Can Draw a Kangaroo" is the first children's book she has illustrated.

It was distributed to Australian Embassies and High Commissions overseas early this year, and copies were sent to educational authorities, teachers, and child guidance experts.

The book was sent to 100 primary school teachers in the United States, and each wrote asking for more copies.

One teacher said: "Using these appealing animal drawings will provide a fascinating stimulus to many learning in such fields as drawing, nature study, languages, art, and social studies. The children will love it."

In Britain the response was equally enthusiastic.

Typical of the South-East Asia reaction was the play based on the book which children staged at a school in Djakarta.

The Weekly on walkabout

MRS. M. HOLST, of Norway, wrote to tell us that her Weekly has a travel story to outdo the travels of the paper to America, Singapore, Russia, etc., we mentioned in an issue last October.

Mrs. Holst is a Western Australian married to a Norwegian.

"My parents send me each issue," she said, "and although it's six to eight weeks in arriving, it's avidly read."

"The moment it comes, work stops, kettle put on for tea, our little boy neglected, and Mum sits down with a good strong cuppa, and nothing seen or heard till it's read from cover to cover!"

"When my husband and I have done with it, we pass it on to several English-speaking Norwegian friends, an American friend, my English friend, and it is eventually posted off to a fellow Western Australian, who has an English wife, in Stockholm, Sweden."

"They all admire this Australian magazine with the great selection of articles of interest. I know this has given them all a much better insight into the Australian way of life."

"Of course, I read the Norwegian women's magazines and some English ones (I exchange with my English friend), but my opinion is that The Australian Women's Weekly is second to none."

Mrs. Holst mentioned only one drawback: On "Weekly days" she gets very homesick for Australia.

THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 30, 1964

Family memories throw new light on life with difficult millionaire

THE BUCKLAND GRANDCHILDREN

● One of the very richest—and most secretive—of Australians, Mr. William Lionel Buckland, who died in November, left a widow, a daughter, and a son, Bill, with three children; and he left most of his estate to a charitable trust. Now Mr. Bill Buckland, speaking for the first time to the Press, has told a Women's Weekly reporter of his father's extraordinary drive and austere, unsharing character and his own difficult life, and remarked that if he himself could be born again he would not want to be a millionaire's son. *Overleaf is the exclusive story.*

Photographs by Bruce Anderson.



THE LATE Mr. Buckland with his Rolls and son Bill in the drive of the Toorak mansion bought from the late Sir Keith Murdoch.



MR. BILL BUCKLAND and his family outside their home in Lower Sandy Bay, Hobart. It was built in 1929 for Hobart identity Mr. Charles Davis, and the Bucklands have been living there 2½ years.



BARBARA BUCKLAND enjoys coffee with her husband in the breakfast nook. They have been married 17 years, 14 of which have been spent in Tasmania.

ABOVE: Derek, 16, Priscilla, 14, and Kim, 13, on the staircase of their home. During his lifetime their millionaire grandfather paid for the children's education.

NEXT WEEK

What does the New Year hold in store for you? Well, see what the stars foretell in next week's great Sixteen-page liftout . . .



Professor Francesco Waldner is a world-renowned astrologer, famous for his remarkable predictions. In this book, he gives character readings for each "sign," a detailed 1965 forecast and a glimpse into 1966.

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by
her daughter



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they taste
good, too!

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taste treats in
Rose Cookery

"FOR MY FATHER," says "EVERYTHING HAD

Continued from
page 3

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● "If I could be born again I wouldn't want to be a millionaire's son. My surname has been a curse. Everyone thinks I must have a private allowance," Mr. Bill Buckland, son of the late Melbourne millionaire, told me.

EVERYTHING Bill Buckland and his family possess, he says, has been their own achievement, and often a struggle to achieve. They now live comfortably in Hobart's "golden mile" (see previous page).

The son thinks it is probably right to say that William Lionel Buckland, of Toorak, Vic., was the wealthiest private man in Australia's history. He made his millions from motor spare parts and accessories, cattle, land, and oil.

"He was a very hard, strict man, and never had affection for me as a father for a son as I have for my sons," Bill Buckland said. And he also remarked, "Everything had a price on it for him."

Bill and his elder sister, Miss Shirley Buckland, of Chadstone, Vic. (she was married, but reverted to her maiden name after her divorce), were his only children.

Settlement

They, along with their father's second wife, Mrs. Patricia Buckland (formerly Patricia Adams, of Sydney), Bill's three teenage children, and other relatives and retainers, were remembered in the late Mr. Buckland's will.

Most of the estate, which the trustees said recently was valued at more than £4 million, will go to the William Buckland Foundation, benefiting Victorian charities.

Under the will Bill Buckland received "a cash settlement." His children were provided for. No personal effects of his father were left to him.

He worked for his father at two separate periods of his life and has been associated with the motor business for more than 20 years.

Barbara Buckland has worked for some years as a legal secretary, nowadays only part-time.

Bill Buckland is said to look very much like his father, although he has grown a beard since a recent illness. He certainly has the hoppy "Buckland walk," which distinguished both his father and grandfather.

The son is expert at reproducing his father's voice and mannerisms.

As he talked about the man who loomed so large in

his life he often jumped up from his chair to show how his father had looked and behaved on this occasion or that, and his way of shaking hands, which Bill calls "the traditional handshake."

He conveys, when he imitates the slow, rather monotonous voice, the general austerity which was his father's outstanding characteristic.

The late Mr. Buckland was known in Melbourne as the "quiet millionaire," living the life of a recluse. Abroad it was a different story. He holidayed in a £100,000 yacht, held Press

those years he saved pennies and halfpennies.

By the time William was 19 he had saved enough to lease a garage at Armadale. Before that he worked in the garage of his parents' home, which was then in Melbourne.

His son has an anecdote about those days.

"My father had a typewriter in the garage and when the phone rang he would pick up the receiver and hit the typewriter keys with his other hand, telling his 'secretary' to keep quiet."

"Then he would bang the wall. 'Oh, just a minute,'

and working in Melbourne). She often recalled the young William Buckland as "the boy who was so selfish with his Milk Kisses," he said.

"My father would never share anything. He would even lock the garage when I was a boy so that I couldn't park my bike there. He locked everything. He was very secretive always."

Enid was "gay and care-free." She did fashion work and played leads in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Daddy Longlegs" for J. C. Williams. She and William lived at first in a converted stable in Melbourne, with hardly enough food to eat. Later they moved to Elwood.

Bill Buckland says his father never spent any time with him as a child.

He recalls his father's constantly recurring phrase, "Well, Bill, just two minutes." Then, "Goodbye," the firm handshake.

"He was a very happy man when he was making good business deals, which he usually did," he said. "Happy almost to the point of being thrilled. I think everything had a price on it for him."

"I remember we had a pointer dog at Head Street. Someone offered £5 for it, and in the morning it was gone."

But Bill recalls also: "My father loved animals. I remember the last dog he had at Head Street, about 20

"Learn to make money," he told the child

conferences in London, and was much more outgoing.

His father, Fred, was one of three brothers who came from England about 100 years ago.

One brother became Sir Thomas Buckland, chief of the Bank of N.S.W.

"My father was the youngest of 11," Bill Buckland said. "He was a change-of-life baby and apparently very spoilt. He wasn't brilliant at the local school (Mansfield, Vic.)."

"At 14 he got his first motor-cycle and sidecar, and he used to graze cows at the side of the road for people for a few shillings. He would walk miles to save petrol. In

he'd say to the caller. 'I'll stop my packers.'

"He loved to present himself well always."

Bill went on: "My father loved his parents very very deeply. When he was only 21 he took his father abroad."

"He went every Sunday to see them. He thought of them most of the time. They were his family, more than his own family ever were."

William went to America and brought back the few cases of spare parts that started the firm of Bucklands.

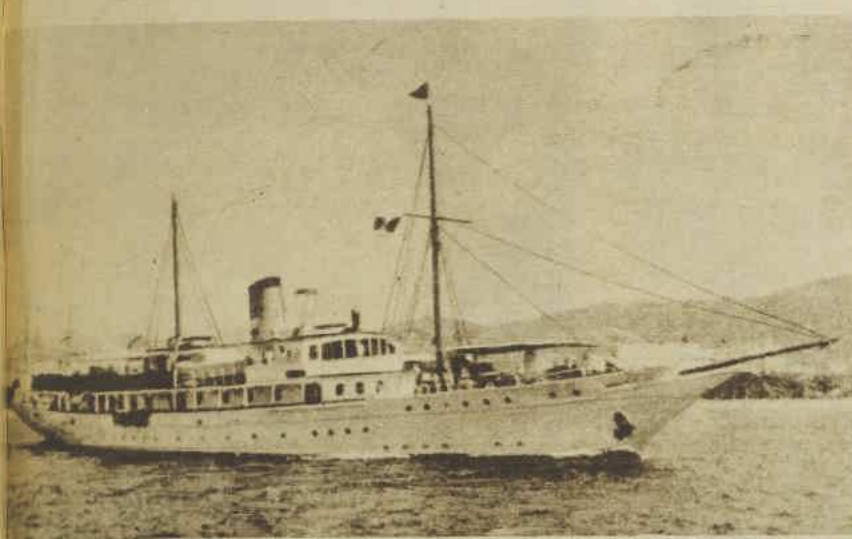
Bill's mother was Enid Derby, daughter of a college principal (now Mrs. Enid Staples; she divorced his father in 1947 and is living



WINDLESHAM MOOR, once the country residence of the Queen, was bought by the late William Buckland in 1953.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 30, 1964

millionaire's son, A PRICE ON IT"



NATALIE, the £100,000 yacht the late William Buckland kept on the Riviera. It accommodates ten passengers.

years ago, a little black puppy called Timmy. He loved Timmy."

His memories of his father come thick and fast as he talks of his childhood.

The late Mr. Buckland always answered "Eh?" to questions he didn't want to answer, always referred to himself as "Dad" when talking to his son.

"I couldn't play with cars without his saying, 'You should be learning to make money. You should be studying.' I was five years old," Bill said.

Shared drink

"I remember at Mansfield I asked to be allowed to have a horse. He just said, 'No horses, son. Go down and play with frogs.'"

The father often took Bill when motoring to a property he had bought near Mansfield. On the way home the boy would ask for a drink.

"My father would go into a milk bar and order the biggest milk-shake they had, and two straws. We'd each take one and then I'd go for my life," Bill said.

One holiday, the first time Bill had ever been allowed to have a friend along with him, his father took them to the two-island property he'd just bought from David Syme at Lakes Entrance in Gippsland. Bill was in his mid-teens and the other boy was Greg Souter.

"We worked hard from 7.30 in the morning till five every day for five days," Bill said. "The meat was blown on the third day. My father washed it and we went on eating it. He always cut it razor thin."

Bill recalls that he fixed the train that runs down to the jetty here. When his father saw he had it going he ran over and jumped on the engine, saying, "I'm taking over here." But it broke down again.

It was the last time Bill went away with his father.

He recalls evenings in the Elwood house, his father reading a paper in a chair before dinner and saying to him, "I have one minute to give to you now." After the meal he had coffee, liqueur, and a cigar.

"Everything had to be absolutely perfect. My mother had to wait on him hand and foot," Bill said. "At 9.30 I'd come into the room. Well now, son, how are you going? We've had a nice night, haven't we?" he'd say.

William Buckland always owned a boat, even though he was not a good sailor. He bought Isis, a 100ft. yacht that had belonged to Lord Halifax.

"Then he bought the Adele. It had been the yacht of the Administrator of New Guinea, the largest privately owned yacht in the Southern Hemisphere," Bill said.

"My father had it sailed

he'd say 'Who's this little office boy speaking to me! and walk past.

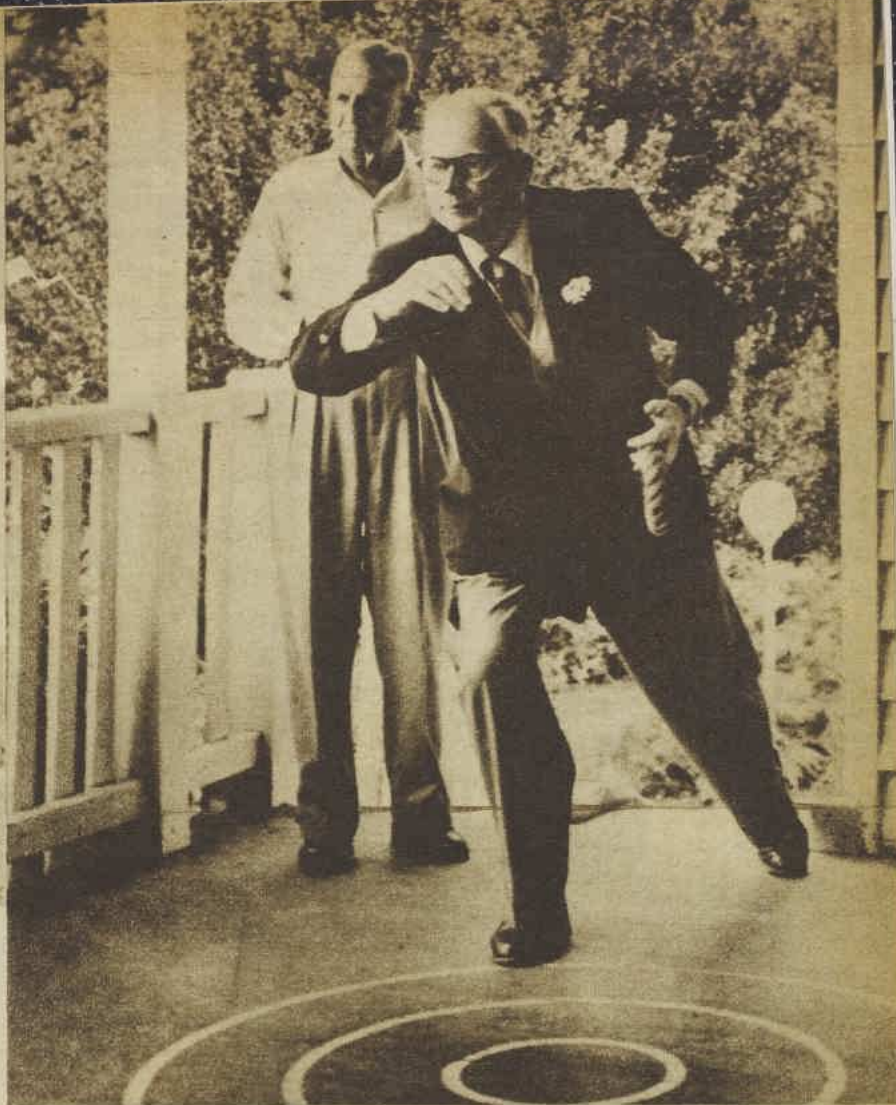
"He was too hard to work for and paid too poorly. There was a saying in the motor business that if you could work for William Buckland you could work for anybody.

"He was very hard but very fair, and I believe he was good to old members of his staff."

His father always had an old set of clothes handy.

"He wore these when he needed to cry poor," his son said. "One night in Mansfield, I remember, he bought some land dressed in these old clothes. He was caught the next day when the buyer saw him in his normal clothes and driving his Packard."

He loved people to say, "There goes Buckland in his car." And he liked to drive between 90 and 100 m.p.h. He had two serious crashes,



PLAYING QUOITS. A rare photograph of the millionaire, who died on November 22 at his Toorak, Vic., home.

said, 'there are two things that you can do. You can go on with your accountancy with the secretary, as his assistant, and believe me it will be very junior, or you can go over to the manager in Launceston and learn the business with him for a few years.'

"I chose Launceston. 'I knew you would, son. Here's the ticket,' he said."

Bill worked hard in Launceston. He studied English and history at nights, and in his remaining spare time did up motor-cycles for resale.

Also he met Barbara Rowell and wanted to marry her.

"My father was upset. He

said 'Yes, Mr. Buckland, in a minute' — and took another half an hour.

"He kept them all waiting at the breakfast table until I came. I never forgot it. I was 17 at the time."

Bill said his father refused to come to the wedding.

"He wrote saying it was against his wishes, and I would regret it for the rest of my life."

But the son was given a job as Bucklands' Queensland representative, travelling between Brisbane and Cairns.

Bill went on trying to improve his circumstances. He saved £350 doing motor-cycle repairs and living very sparingly, bought a dress shop in Brisbane, put five part-time representatives on the road, and sold dresses himself at night — and worked for W.L.B. in the daytime.

Then he developed diphtheria, and as a result a heart condition.

The family — now with three children — decided to move south.

In Melbourne Bill took the family straight to see Mr. Buckland. They found him raking the driveway, and he talked to them there.

Barbara Buckland said she asked if she could cool Kim's bottle. He would not allow her to do it, but put it under the tap himself. He did not ask them in.

They bought a boarding-house at Hampton, Vic., selling their car to pay the deposit. Barbara cooked for 16.

"My health grew worse. We decided to go to Tas-

mania and my father took over the Hampton property," Bill said. "We went to Fern-tree, near Hobart and 1600 feet above sea level, and rented a shack for £5 a week."

"I built a front room on it. I walked the streets for two weeks to get a job and landed one with a motor firm for £8 a week as a salesman."

Worked hard

He again began repairing cars at weekends for resale. Barbara Buckland found a girl to look after the children and went to work for 12 months as a cashier.

In two years they saved enough to put the deposit on an old 15-room mountain house at Ferntree.

Bill worked as an oil company representative for four years, started a coffee shop at Ferntree, built two flats, established a kerosene-heater repair service, and bought and sold some land.

"I've worked hard to get where I am," he said. "And I've had no help. But I honestly feel my father has passed on to me his business sense. I had drive and ambition, but illness has knocked them out of me."

During Bill's married years his father spent most of his time abroad and saw very little of his grandchildren.

He hadn't spent a spring in Melbourne since his second marriage 13 years ago until this last spring of his death. He is said to have travelled on 132 liners.

"My father considered it

He didn't want Bill to marry here; suggested some titled English girl

down from Cairns. He and my sister got seasick, so we travelled down by train, then went out in a small boat outside the Hawkesbury, joined the yacht, and entered Sydney Harbor in style to meet the reporters. Presentation was everything to him."

Later, he was to buy Natalie, the £100,000 yacht on the Riviera.

When Bill left boarding-school at 16 he went to work at Bucklands' as one of the "buy-in" boys, buying motor spares.

He pushed the heavy loads round the streets in a cart.

"The other boys had bicycles, but the boss' son must not be favored."

"If I'd say 'Hello, Dad' when he arrived at work

one when the car turned over five times; but he wasn't hurt.

"He got out and told me to hurry up, there was no time to lose," Bill said.

Young Bill left his father's firm to work behind a counter, and also studied accountancy. The war came and he was conscripted into the Army. He was discharged after 12 months with a duodenal ulcer.

Six months later the administrative staff of the Netherlands Forces, near Brisbane, used him as a driver, then as a transport officer.

In July, 1945, he presented himself to his father in Melbourne — "as if to a headmaster," he recalls.

"Well, son," my father

said he would give me the fare to America, but I must not come back for five years. Or he would take me to England and introduce me to titled families.

"I refused to co-operate." Barbara's father was a tramways superintendent. She met her future father-in-law when she became engaged.

"I thought he was very strict, but very nice. I looked on him as I would my father. He took us up to Beckworth Court for Christmas," she said.

"I didn't realise how much punctuality meant to him. I hopped into the shower before breakfast and he knocked on the door to say that breakfast was ready. I

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WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE "SUNBURNT AUSSIE" IMAGE?

● For years now the rugged, careless Australian you used to know has been wearing a trim, narrow suit and pointed shoes. Soon, if the cosmetics and allied industries have their way, he'll have glossier, handsomer hair and a glowing fragrant skin.

ALREADY in the cities there is a growing list of customers for men's "salons" where hair-rinsing, bleaching, razor cutting, setting, perming, manicures, and facials are all an accepted thing.

Leading cosmetics firms recently launched a wide range of toiletries ("Please, never call them cosmetics") on the male market.

Department stores all over the country are getting into the act, too. A few years ago the only concession to men's grooming, apart from the very conservative barber shop, was half a sales counter off the women's cosmetic section.

Now the large stores have a separate section in or near the men's wear department, with frequent men's fashion parades to boot.

Migrants and visitors from Europe and America are leading the trends, but there is noticeably greater interest among home-grown Aussies.

Traders in cosmetics say that men's wider acceptance of these grooming aids has come about from their use of sun creams and tanning lotions.

They note the difference between a dry, parched, freckled skin and a smooth, tanned skin, and the "indoctrination" has begun.

A few months ago Mrs. Sylvia Blake, a Sydney businesswoman, opened her fifth salon and first men's coloring and hair-styling "studio" in an outer suburb.

Services such as blow-waving or permanent waving, manicuring, facials, shampoo, and setting have proved so popular that some of her customers spend about £3/10/- for the works.

Although the influx of Continental Europeans has played its part in encouraging men's interest in their hair, skin care, and general grooming, there's another reason, according to Mrs. Blake.

"Their wives and girlfriends like it," she said.

"Whether or not it's because it eases their own conscience or whether it's because the men actually look better, I can't say, but the women certainly go for it."

Many of the clients who travel to the salon on weekly appointments are business executives, doctors, and dentists, who feel it is imperative to have well-kept hands

and a generally well-groomed appearance.

For the man whose hair is too curly there's a simple answer, says Mrs. Blake ("Perm it straight"). For the man who is going grey there is a semi-permanent rinse ("There's nothing shameful in color deception"), and for the balding ones there are wigs and head-pieces.

Quite a stir was caused in Adelaide five years ago when Mr. Robert Shergis, managing director of an overseas cosmetic-manufacturing business, opened the first men's salon in a mid-city department store.

People in the trade said the city wasn't ready for it, but the salon made money and has been enlarged and redecorated.

This year Mr. Shergis made a trip to the Continent, where, he says, he discovered that permanent waving, hair coloring, and manicuring were accepted as quite usual even in some of the smaller suburban salons for men, and that the sale of cosmetics was increasing rapidly.

His company has developed a fine hair-spray for men for the European market only—"which shows how advanced they are in their thinking."

One day in Paris, while



waiting for his wife, Mr. Shergis popped into the Georges Hardy men's salon for a quick trim. "I emerged two hours later after a shampoo and set and the full works, including a facial, which set me back about £3," he said.



● At this suburban salon a young man is having a manicure, while two hairdressers prepare another for a shampoo and hairset.



● Shoe-shop manager Mr. Roy Chiavone, of Eastwood, is a regular customer at a men's hair-dressing salon where all the staff are women. He is pictured here trying his first facial ("it feels all right"), hair-set, and manicure.

"I felt terrific and my wife was all for it. However, it was a bit of a change for me to have her wait for me outside a beauty shop."

Although the European-style salon is comparatively new to Sydney, leading hotels all over the country have for years been giving hot and cold facials, manicures, and so on to tourists and entertainers from overseas.

"But it's becoming a habit among more and more Aussies to have weekly appointments," said one barber with a Sydney hotel, "and they are accepting and using advice on home care much more than they would have a few years ago."

Mr. John Sadler, assistant manager of one of these hotel barber shops, said: "Many of our clients have color rinses not so much to darken greying hair as to take out the yellowness caused by the smoky atmospheres they work in."

"However, we draw the line at permanent waving."

Why? "Oh, because our customers are mainly visitors and city businessmen with little time on their hands."

"They find we can control hair problems by blow-waving and razor cutting, which doesn't take up so much time."

Mr. Sadler, an Englishman, is one of those who claim that women are behind men, "backing them all the way" in going for better hairdressing, perfumed toilet-

tries, and a slimmer waist-line.

"Of course," he added, "men don't like the stuff that's too perfumed. Often they'll come back and say, 'give me something less sweet-smelling—my girls at the office can't stand it.'"

European and American men — usually overseas visitors — are still the main customers for men's toiletries, according to the manager of an exclusive Sydney boutique.

"Fastidious"

The boutique, one of the most expensive, stocks only imported wares for both men and women. Over the past two years sales on men's lines have increased to about one-tenth the store's volume of business.

"Our male customers are even more fastidious than the women," said Miss Bronwen Apps, "as they often like to test the perfume of a particular after-shave lotion or cologne before they will buy."

Most Australian men who use expensive toilet aids are still too self-conscious to do the buying themselves, so send their wives to shop for them.

"In fact," said Miss Apps, "the complete boxes of before- and after-shave lotions, cologne, deodorant, hair cream, talc, and soap which sell for about £7 a set are a popular present for men."

"Even at that price they sell like hot cakes. Oddly

enough, they are never returned, so they must be acceptable."

Miss Apps has even had inquiries for men's hair-spray and sleeping hairnets.

"However, the demand isn't wide enough yet for those items," she said.

She believes the most important item on a man's toiletry shopping-list is a good deodorant. "For an outlay of only 2/- a week the deodorant is the basis of good toiletry, and the other items, depending on the budget, can come later."

Sales of men's toupees and transformations (as the hairpieces are more politely known) are also increasing, said Miss Apps.

"Most of the customers who come in asking for a toupee for an 'old aunt who's getting thin on top' are women. I rather suspect in many cases, though, that the locks of hair they are clutching belong really to their husbands, who are still too shy to come in themselves."

Said Mr. H. F. Bentley, managing director of a firm which manufactures toilet products for men and women, "The old prejudice is going now. It is no longer cissy for a man to be conscious of his appearance."

"Even in the Northern Territory, where we supply large orders, some of the jackaroos and shearers use after-shave lotion. When they are dressed up in their catalogue clothes they are as well-groomed as any Pitt Street farmer."



ALTAR at St. Peter's. Many of the windows and furnishings of the church were donated by parishioners in memory of members of their families. Altar is of wood.

COLUMBARIUM, recently completed at St. Peter's. The natural brick wall is recessed with niches for the ashes of the dead. Natural shrubs, rocks, and trees surround.



ST. PETER'S

Its 100th birthday recalls the story of Sydney

● On Sunday, December 27, St. Peter's, Watson's Bay, Sydney, will celebrate its 100th anniversary. By a happy coincidence, it was Sunday, December 27, that saw the consecration in 1864 of this beautiful little stone church crowning the heights of South Head.

THE history of St. Peter's is the history of Watson's Bay in miniature, and the fortunes of both have run closely parallel.

The story began back in the close of the 18th century, when the little colony, dependent on the supply ships from England for its existence, was facing starvation because the vessels hadn't arrived.

A small group of men were sent to South Head to keep watch.

They built a flagstaff to signal the colony when the ships approached, and kept a fire burning at night that could be seen far out to sea.

With the small ships so often delayed on the mighty voyage from England, the colonists, their eyes constantly on the tall flagpost at South Head, began to associate the spot with England, with home.

One of the signalmen was Mr. Robert Watson, a former quartermaster of the supply ship *Sirius*. He later became harbor-master, and gave his name to the district.

In the late 1790s a fishery was established at the Bay, and a pilot service to guide the ships into the harbor was begun.

For the next century this tradition of the sea became part of Watson's Bay.

Then, in 1810, the builder-Governor, Lachlan Macquarie, took over and one of his tasks was to replace the old iron fire basket on South Head.

He commissioned the convict architect Francis Greenway to design the Macquarie Lighthouse, which functioned till 1881.

By then Watson's Bay and the surrounding area of Vaucluse had become one of the top residential areas of Sydney.

The pilots, now receiving high fees, were among the wealthiest citizens and built large and luxurious homes along the waterfront and on the slopes overlooking the harbor.

Chimney

In 1840, a small Congregational church was built near The Gap. It had a chimney and became known as the Chimneyed Church, and Protestants living in the area worshipped here for nearly six years.

In 1846, the Church of England Lay Association approached the wealthy pilots and their families of Watson's Bay, who decided to help build a new church.

It was reported that year that "the earnest desire for a Church and the ministrations of a resident clergyman of the Church of England led to this meeting and called around them so many friends, not for the object of building an unseemly edifice at the slightest cost for their place of worship, but for the raising of a sum of at least £300 to be employed with Government and other aid . . . and of which the edifice shall exhibit an ecclesiastical and appropriate character."

It was decided that the church should be called St. Peter's "after the pilot of the Galilean Lake," reflecting the character of Watson's Bay.

By
PATRICIA KENT

"The Church will be the last object which meets the lingering gaze of the mariner as he leaves the port, going down to the sea in ships to occupy his business in great waters . . ." and the first sight of "all who enter from the vast Pacific into this magnificent and unequalled harbor, between the lofty Heads which look down upon us."

"It will awaken a sentiment of gratitude to the Almighty Who has made the storm to cease and cause them to be glad to be brought to their haven."

So the collections began. The pilots collected from the ships they guided into port and from residents of Watson's Bay.

This went on all through the 1850s, the era of the gold-rush days, when Watson's Bay became a pleasure ground for Sydneysiders and those who'd made themselves fortunes overnight, and a regular tourist attraction to ferryloads of sightseers coming from Sydney Cove.

One of the grand houses in the Bay was bought by the ferry company and turned into the Marine Hotel.

One of the first licensees, a Mr. Billings, by all accounts a shrewd gentleman, opened a zoo in the grounds

of the hotel and added a skittle alley and a dance hall.

Mr. Billings became a living legend in the 1850s by driving from Watson's Bay into town behind a pair of matched zebras!

By 1862 there were nearly 240 people living in the Bay, and collections for the proposed new church had reached £700.

A young settler, Edmund Blacket, was commissioned to design a stone church to cost £850.

"Flair"

Although Blacket was not a qualified architect, he was a first-rate painter and sculptor with, it was reported, "a remarkable flair for design and form."

He had been appointed Colonial Architect in 1849 and designed some of the loveliest buildings in Sydney, among them St. Mark's, Darling Point, St. Philip's, Church Hill, the Great Hall of Sydney University, and also the Bathurst Cathedral.

So, early in 1864, the foundation-stone was laid, and the exquisite little church began to rise on the heights of South Head. On December 27, 1864, St. Peter's was consecrated by Dr. Barker, the Bishop Metropolitan of Sydney, before "a very numerous congregation."

The church was described in a newspaper the following morning:

"Although this little church is characterised by a severe simplicity, its interior is extremely elegant. As a new architectural object, it was much admired by those who came down from Sydney to be present at the consecration."

As well as being a delightful place to worship in, some of the congregation found that their little church was a practical place to be in on Sunday mornings.

The pilots used to station themselves near the south windows of the church and keep one eye on the signal flag.

When it was raised, the pilots would quietly rise from their seats, leave the church, and hurry down to the harbor to guide the ship to port.

In the 1860s a kind of slow rot set in at the Bay. The seaside resort of Manly, with its long golden beach, attracted the tourists.

CHURCH



CHOIR sings in the organ gallery. The organ was built in London in 1796 for the Hon. Spencer Perceval, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was shot in the House of Commons by a fanatic. It was afterwards lent to the Emperor Napoleon and then brought to England in 1817 by Lady Perceval. An Australian doctor bought the organ in the early 1900s and brought it to Sydney, where for a time it was used at the Sydney Conservatorium before being installed at St. Peter's in 1920.

EXTERIOR of St. Peter's, Watson's Bay, is pictured at left.

REVEREND Neville Bathgate, Rector of St. Peter's since 1960, talks with his parishioners after morning service (see below).



Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

In an attempt to regain popularity, a horse-drawn bus service was begun in 1869 which ran from Circular Quay through the toll gate at Rushcutters Bay to Watson's Bay, and this, combined with a big rise in land development in the early '70s, saw a new upsurge at Vauchuse and Watson's Bay.

In fact, by 1880, Watson's Bay "village," as it was then called, was booming, though it wasn't part of the metropolitan area.

Records show that there were three dairies there in the '80s, and cows and sheep grazed along the streets and nibbled the grass around the new church of St. Peter's.

By 1900, gaslight was installed, and the Bay had changed its character.

It wasn't just an area for men of the sea any more, but had become a suburb where people from all walks of life lived.

At St. Peter's, there were 17 families paying pew rents, the church was properly furnished, and there was a thriving Sunday School.

In 1917, during World War I, the land around St. Peter's was fenced (to keep the cows away), and over

the next 30 years, Watson's Bay developed into a densely settled, top-rated residential area, with St. Peter's made into a full parish in 1925.

These days, with Watson's Bay and Vauchuse, two of Sydney's most desirable suburbs, St. Peter's is among the city's best-kept, best-loved churches.

The new Rector, the Rev. Neville Bathgate (appointed in 1960), has brought a resurgence of enthusiasm to his parishioners, many of whom are descendants of the original Watson's Bay families.

"Mascot"

"We've made lots of improvements," he said, "with heating under each pew, new carpets, stone flagging pathways, and a new driveway into the church grounds."

Great-great-grandchildren of the first families still support "their" church, and a connection with the sea still remains.

"We still have the local fishermen coming in to Sunday worship," said Mr. Bathgate. "They regard St. Peter's as something of a mascot. And some of the fishermen still use the church to get their bearings through the Heads."



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

HIGHLIGHT of the Twelfth Night Celebration at Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Pile's home at Killara on January 9 will be the "crowning" of the King and Queen—but no one will know until just beforehand who they will be.

At the traditional French celebration — La Fete des Rois — guests will choose a piece of the galette (the French symbolic 12th Night cake), decorated with tiny charms.

The lucky person who gets the bean charm will be crowned King or Queen with a gold crown, and must choose his or her partner for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Pile, Mrs. Frank McCall Power, Mrs. John Stanbury, Mrs. John Minter, Mrs. A. Brenac, Mrs. Roger Girault, Mrs. Fred Messara, Mrs. Thor Thorvaldson, Mrs. El Hibri, Mrs. Jacques Thevenet, Mrs. Dick Hunt, and Senora Alago del Pulgar are members of the sub-committee of Alliance Francaise, which has arranged the evening.

A barbecue supper will be served in the garden, which will be illuminated with flares and colored lights in the trees.

Proceeds are to go toward the cost of renovating the Alliance Francaise premises in Pitt Street or buying new premises.

MRS. ROGER DUNLOP'S small daughter, Primrose, won't be lonely when she and her mother leave on January 18 for ten days at Palm Beach. She's taking along three of her schoolfriends—Sylvia Street, Jane Boundy, and Katrina Macarthur-Onslow — to keep her company. Mrs. Peter Adams will also spend a few days there with Mrs. Dunlop.

A SECOND child — Sean Philip — for Mr. and Mrs. Gawen Rudder on December 12 at Royal North Shore. They already have a little girl called Simone.

DUE home on January 7 are Captain and Mrs. A. W. Salisbury after five months abroad. They spent some time in Washington with their son-in-law and daughter, Colonel and Mrs. S. J. Welsh, and had a stop-over in Hawaii.

SIXTH-GENERATION Australian Fiona Arndell will be christened at Knox War Memorial Chapel on January 3. Fiona is the first child for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arndell, who was the former Vanessa Munro, of Pennant Hills. Fiona's ancestor Dr. Thomas Arndell arrived in the First Fleet ship Friendship.

CHRISTMAS in Sydney for Mr. and Mrs. Michael Elwes, who arrived from London on December 14 to spend a month with Mrs. Elwes' stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Eaton, at Vaulchuse.

EXCITING fashion I've noticed at many parties during the festive season are those glamorous Chanel-style sequin cardigans. Particularly liked Mrs. Gregory Blaxland's gold one, Mrs. Arthur Little's black worn over a white dress, and Mrs. Richard Gibb's sparkling emerald-green worn over an emerald-green gown.

MRS. D. G. MACKAY, of "Nithdale," Ballalaba, is hoping the flowers in her garden won't wilt in the heat before January 2 — she's planning the floral decorations for her daughter Margot's twenty-first birthday dinner dance from the gardens surrounding the homestead. They are expecting more than 150 guests from Sydney and country districts.

IN Australia again for Christmas are Mr. and Mrs. Sid Albright, Jr., of Los Angeles, U.S.A., who will spend two weeks with the Sid Albrights, Sr., at their holiday home on the Hawkesbury River. Mrs. Albright is expecting ten house guests for Christmas and the New Year, and on New Year's Eve will give a party for twenty guests who'll arrive by launch.

ALSO planning to spend Christmas away from their home are Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam, who will holiday at their beach house, "Pebbles," at Palm Beach. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wilkinson, of "Allfarthing," Goulburn, and their two children, Andrew and Sarah Jane, will spend a week with them.

FIFTY-EIGHT young country hosts and hostesses are busy making last-minute plans for a gala New Year's Eve party they are giving at Spring Ridge. More than 600 guests will come dressed in the period of their prehistoric ancestors to suit the B.C. theme of the night. Among hosts and hostesses will be Louie and Mary Ross, of Curlewis, who will have fifteen house guests for the weekend, Bill Ogilvie, of Inverell, and Wendy Brennan, of Mullaley.



NEWLYWEDS Flying-Officer and Mrs. Jeffrey Pedrina after their marriage in the Catholic Chapel, R.A.A.F. Base, Richmond. The bride was Miss Robyn Gurr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gurr, of Pagewood. The groom is the son of Mrs. E. Pedrina, of Elwood, Victoria, and of the late Squadron-Leader W. A. Pedrina.



AT LEFT: Mr. John Cummins, of Epping, with his bride, the former Miss Mary Power, of Ascot, Brisbane, after their marriage at St. Agatha's Church, Clayfield, Brisbane, with their attendants (from front left), Mr. Peter Cummins, Miss Anne Marie Josephson, Miss Suzanne Farquhar, Mr. Graham Cook, Miss Pam McCormack, Mr. Fraser Power, Miss Janet Adam, Mr. David Roje, and Mrs. Rod O'Loon. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Leo Power and of the late Mrs. Power.



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Start to be younger today—not tomorrow

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DINNER PARTY. Mrs. Frank Dunworth (left) with Mr. and Mrs. John Melocco at the formal dinner at the Whitehall Hotel at Russeutters Bay, arranged by the Woollahra Branch of the Save the Children Fund. More than 70 guests were welcomed by the president, Mrs. Lance Scandrett.



END-OF-SCHOOL DANCE. Foursome Mr. Ian Slack-Smith, Miss Jenny Field, Miss Jane Furley, and Mr. David Pilcher (left to right) at the dance given by eight boys of The King's School at the Monash Hut, Rose Bay. Hosts Andrew Ross, Christopher Cleveland, Gilbert Ireland, Ken Dugan, Brian Mitchell, Michael Laurence, Sandy Campbell, and Richard Burgess welcomed more than 250 guests, many of whom came from the country for the dance.



LEARN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



ABOVE: Commander and Mrs. Irwin Chapman outside the Memorial Chapel at H.M.A.S. Watson after their marriage with their attendants, Commander Colin Thompson, Miss Simone Pirenne, and flowergirl Katherine Farfor. The bride was formerly Miss Judy Clark, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. M. J. Clark, of Hawthorn, Victoria. The groom is the son of Mrs. A. Chapman, of Adelaide, and of the late Dr. Arthur Chapman.



LOVELY BRIDE. Miss Sarah Hall pictured with her bridesmaids, her sister Miss Catherine Hall (left) and the bridegroom's cousin, Miss Angela Knight, before her marriage to Mr. Ian Grant at the Holy Trinity Church, London. Miss Hall is the daughter of Mrs. Kenneth Hall, wife of Mr. Kenneth Hall, of London. Ian is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Grant, of Scotland.

AT LEFT: Mr. David Thomas, Miss Susan Lloyd, Mr. Chris Cleveland, and Miss Geraldine Flower (left to right) at the end-of-school dance given by seven Abbotsleigh girls at Menzies Hotel. Susan and Geraldine were two of the hostesses who greeted 250 guests as they arrived.

AT RIGHT: Just-wed Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pesman after their marriage at the Church of St. George the Martyr, London. The bride was the former Miss Roslyn Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cooper, of St. Ives. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pesman-van Clooster, of Swolle, Holland.





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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Viewers like to be doers

MRS. McNAMARA (N.S.W.) asked what to do while watching TV now that the knitting season is over. I get out my adjustable ironing board, make myself comfortable, do some ironing, and find a disliked chore done almost with pleasure. Also, I do my peas or beans for the next day.

£1/1/- to M. Parry, Waverley, N.S.W.

WHAT I always do is get out all mending that can be done by hand (socks that need darning, all articles that need buttons and press-studs sewn on), and sit down and do them while watching. When that is all done, I do some simple fancy work.

£1/1/- to "Fingal" (name supplied), Fingal, Tas.

I TURN my hours of viewing into a little pocket-money. I am known as a "carder" for a button firm. Sitting sewing buttons on little cards or tapes takes little concentration, and I no longer feel guilty of idleness while watching my favorite programmes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. J. O'Neill, St. John's Wood, Qld.

TRY some patchwork; it's fascinating, easy, and not much concentration is required. In the past six weeks, having caught up on my knitting, I decided to finish a patchwork quilt that I started before the TV era in Brisbane, added to in Canberra and Darwin, and completed in Melbourne. I have plans now to begin another, because it has been so much admired.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Murphy, Hughesdale, Vic.

EVEN though the knitting season is over for woolsens, why not now turn to knitting with all the lovely summer yarns available, such as string yarn and straw? These can be made into jackets and short-sleeved jumpers, bags, and hats. So don't put those knitting needles away; just change to a more seasonal sort of knitting.

£1/1/- to Miss Helen Harris, East Brighton, Vic.

IT is useful to have a pack of playing cards handy, for there are a variety of types of patience to play, all of which are most enjoyable. These games take little concentration and provide an occupation while watching.

£1/1/- to Miss Yvonne Bell, Cloverdale, W.A.

Tea strainer

WHAT avid tea-drinkers some plants must be. Well-meaning gardeners have advised me to empty my teapot on fuchsias, daphne, peonies, ferns, and a passionfruit plant growing 250 yards from my kitchen. The snag is that I make tea in a two-pint teapot, not a 40-gallon drum!

£1/1/- to "Tannic Flora" (name supplied), Victor Harbor, S.A.

Shines at home — except windows

THE job I hate most in my home is cleaning windows. If possible, I would have none. I like all other chores and take a pleasure in doing them. What are other readers' pet housework hates?

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Webber, Scarborough, Qld.

Something old, something new . . .

WHEN I was a child adults replied to every question with a proverb—"Curiosity killed the cat," or "Ask no questions and you will be told no lies." If I attempted to add my opinion to a conversation, it was "Children should be seen and not heard," and if I did not care for a new frock, it was "Beggars can't be choosers." I have never quoted proverbs to my children, but now when they hear one, they enjoy it as something new, and are even starting to quote proverbs to me!

£1/1/- to "Familiarity" (name supplied), Darwin, N.T.

First word and last

AS an ex-hospital employee I have been rather surprised by the number of wives accompanying their husbands, who answer every question addressed to the latter before he has a chance to do so. To me this is both rude and humiliating. Is this pure thoughtlessness, or does the Australian woman really wear the pants?

£1/1/- to C.P. (name supplied), Emerald, Qld.

Name dropping

I CAN understand how "Frustrated Mum" feels about her daughter's pretty name being mutilated. My parents allowed me to choose a name for my youngest brother, and I chose Norman. Later an aunt was influenced by me to choose Norman as her baby's name. The two Normans are now grown men. But do you think they are known by their names? Not on your life—they are known to all and sundry as "Pud" and "Spud."

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Caulfield, Burwood, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

A FRIEND of mine told me he was thinking of giving his wife a cookery book for Christmas.

"She could use it," he said. As a warning I described to him an experience of mine in that line. Some time back I brought a cookery book home. My wife was in the middle of preparing a roast dinner.

She had the oven open and was bending down to baste the potatoes. "I've got a cookery book here for you—it's called *More Tasty Meals*," I said.

"Aren't the meals I give you tasty enough?" she asked.

"Of course they are. I just thought you might like a few new ideas."

"Do you mean the food here is too monotonous?"

"No, far from it. I only wanted to help you by—well—"

"Thank you very much."

Her voice sounded like the President of South Vietnam ending a phone conversation with the President of North Vietnam. Rather cold and formal.

That was the last I ever heard of my gift copy of *More Tasty Meals*.

GIFT HORSES

I rate cookery books high on the list of risky Christmas presents.

Another gift to be avoided is a wringer.

A man near us gave his wife a wringer for Christmas once, and she burst into tears.

It's not that women object to being given useful household gadgets.



Something exciting like a gift-wrapped refrigerator may be received with much gratitude.

But a wringer lacks the touch of romance that a woman expects in her presents.

Soap should be given with great discretion. It can so easily be taken the wrong way.

I remember a young bride who

gave a box of soap to her new sister-in-law.

The recipient muttered: "I suppose she thinks I don't wash enough. I happen to know that in her family—"

A good rule with soap is to give it to someone you know well, who is tremendously clean.

Books (apart from cookery books) are good presents if well chosen, but there are snags here, too.

Many modern novels are too outspoken for conservative readers like, say, Auntie Elsie. And you can't always judge a book by its cover. Something called *A Village Wooing* may turn out to be more startling than *Peyton Place*.

A good tip is never to give an older relative a novel described as "fearless" or "challenging."

My final word of caution, based on intimate knowledge, is: don't give a small boy a drum.

But it is too late now for advice to be worth much. I can only say—Christmas greetings!

"Mummy, Who Is Your Husband?"—a new selection of Ross Campbell's best writings—is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.



Christmas at Kings Cross

Soon, beneath my upstairs window
Christmas carols will be heard.
Night is anything but silent,
And the accents, frankly, blurred.
No, not clear and childish voices
Ringing out across the snow.
(Someone flings a window open:
"If you're going home, please GO!")
"Good King Wenceslas," they're bawling.
Good old Wence would get a shock
If he heard these car brakes squealing
And could see this motley flock.
Goodwill? Maybe. Peace? Well, hardly.
Someday, somewhere, I'll take flight.
But I'll miss those drunken carols
Floating upward in the night.

— Dorothy Drain

Picking personality

BUS drivers and conductors are always either being criticised for their rudeness or commended for their politeness. Being in such close proximity to the public they are an open target. Wouldn't it be more to the point—regardless of occupation—to say that the nice people are always polite and the nasty ones always rude?

£1/1/- to "Nice" (name supplied), Hurstville, N.S.W.

Sound of shearing is not music

MY husband is a shearing contractor, and we shear all the year round on our property. The sheep are brought here for shearing, and are then shipped to either Singapore or Kuwait. Sometimes I have only two shearers to provide smokes for, but often have to cater for up to 20. I think most farmers' wives heave a sigh of relief when the shearers have finished at their place, and I wonder if any other reader is like me, within cooee of "Click Go the Shears" all the year round.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. D. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

THE LONG-HAIR GIRLS

● After our story about five-year-old Teena Balson (November 25 issue) and her long hair, readers promptly answered our question: "Was it the longest hair in Australia?"

AT five Teena was having her hair cut for the first time. Her thick dark tresses had reached the back of her knees.

We received letters from readers in many States. They enclosed photographs of their daughters with long hair and

● Twelve-year-old Berna Burford is the only girl in a family of four boys.

"That's why I decided to let Berna grow her hair when she was five," said her mother, Mrs. M. Burford, of Burwood, N.S.W.

"After four boys it was wonderful to have a daughter, and long hair made her really look 'girlish.' I like long hair on children at school and think plaits look tidy."

However, Berna had her hair cut when she turned ten.

"She's a tomboy and loves swimming, so it was more practical for her to have short hair," Mrs. Burford said.

"But I hated seeing it go."

Before Berna had her hair cut it was 40 inches long.

Mrs. Burford has kept the shorn hair. "I don't know if I'll ever have it made into a switch or quite what I will do with it. I have kept the hair purely for sentimental reasons."



BERNA BURFORD

● "I have never wanted short hair—I like it long," 10-year-old Donna-Lesley Mascall, of Fairfield Heights, N.S.W., said.

Donna-Lesley's hair is thigh-length, and although she admits it's quite a business to wash and care for generally she doesn't want it cut.

"And I wouldn't want her to have it cut — I like it too much," her mother, Mrs. L. M. Mascall, said.

When Donna-Lesley was born she had no hair or eyebrows.

"She was a premature baby and very delicate," Mrs. Mascall said. "She had practically no hair until she was four and when it began to grow it was very thin."

"A hairdresser suggested that she have her hair layered in an attempt to thicken it. We took Donna-Lesley to a hairdresser several times, but when she began school five years ago we decided to let the hair grow."

"Now look at it!"

Mrs. Mascall said that she is very proud of Donna-Lesley's long hair.

"We never expected it to grow as long as it has. It has become so much a part of her that I just can't imagine Donna-Lesley with short hair now."

At school Donna-Lesley wears her hair in a long plait looped once and tied with a ribbon. "But if I'm going somewhere special I wear it on top of my head just like Mummy's," she said.



DONNA-LESLEY MASCALL, aged 10, sometimes does her hair "up" like her mother's.

told us why they had decided to let their hair grow, how long it was, and, in some cases, the agony they went through deciding whether to have it cut.

Pictured here are some of the girls.

Many children did not begin growing their hair until they were five years old.

● Adelaide girl Sandra Spender, 14, has golden-brown tresses 42 inches long.

Sandra, a student at the Vermont Girls' Technical High School, wears it in a long plait and says the only thing wrong with this is that too many boys yank it — too many times.

"But I'd never get it cut," she said.

Parents are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spender, of Ascot Park.

SANDRA SPENDER



LOUISE, SALLY, AND JULIE NASH (from left to right).

● In a family of four girls, three have long hair. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. M. Nash, of Killarney, Sydney, and are Louise, 5, Julie, 8, and Sally, 10. "The photograph was taken a year ago," Mrs. Nash explained, "but Louise has long hair now."

"It's the second time Louise had tried growing her hair."

"We grew it about 18 months ago, but just when it was long enough to plait she cut it herself. Now she can't wait to be like the others again."

"Sally should really have her hair cut now, it is so long (she can sit on it) and thick. But she won't hear of it. She is so proud of it."

Sally and Julie began to grow their hair when they were five.

"Although washing the girls' hair and brushing out the tangles takes a good half-day—it was easier for them to have long hair than for me to take them to the hairdresser regularly," Mrs. Nash said.

"We lived in Bourke then and taking them to town was difficult."

MILLIONAIRE'S SON INTERVIEWED

From page 5

THE BUCKLAND ESTATE

THE most important items in his father's estate, Bill Buckland believes, would be:

- The L. J. Hooker shares the late William Buckland acquired as a result of his £5,000,000 land deal, involving 11,000 square miles in four States, in 1960.
- The Ampol shares the late Mr. Buckland gained as the result of the sale of his 13 Southern Cross service stations in 1952.
- Shares in Lombard Australia Ltd.
- Beckworth Court Station, at Clunes, Victoria — 6000 acres, with a big Victorian-style homestead.
- Natalie, the £100,000 yacht on the Riviera, out on charter all the year round. ("The yacht has just been used by Pinewood Studios for the film 'A Woman of Straw,' with Gina Lollobrigida and Sir Ralph Richardson," Barbara Buckland said. "We are looking forward to seeing the film so we can see the yacht.")
- Windlesham Moor, the 54-acre property and residence which the millionaire bought from the Queen in 1953, reportedly for £40,000.
- The property at 39 Albany Road, Toorak, where he died and which he bought in 1953 for £35,000.
- His fabulous alpine-green Rolls-Royce, worth £9050, and silver Jaguar, £3200. ("We had a run in the Rolls at Christmas-time, 1963," Bill Buckland said. "I asked to take the wheel, but was refused.")

an achievement to be a millionaire and he travelled in style in a large suite."

Bill Buckland always had to make an appointment to see his father.

Although the millionaire didn't see his son and grandchildren for years at a time, he was a regular and quite affable correspondent, and sent the children small cheques for Christmas and birthdays.

At Christmas in 1963, when the family was holidaying at Glen Waverley, Melbourne, the millionaire went to see them.

"I think he was feeling older. He had had a coronary attack," Bill said.

"He was a very hard, very strict man and never had affection for me as a father for a son, as I have for my sons."

"He was very reserved, in a Victorian way. When I was a child he would never even clean his teeth in front of me. He always had to present himself in the best light all the time."

Mistakes

That Christmas the family spent two afternoons and evenings with the millionaire and his wife at Albany Road.

"His wife told me later he was very apprehensive about our coming, but was cheerful afterwards," Bill Buckland said.

"I understand he said to his wife, 'I have made many mistakes, especially with my family, but it is too late for me to change now,'" Bill said.

"Priscilla was the only one of us ever to holiday at the Toorak house. She stayed with my father and his wife for a week about four years ago and saw him in the evenings."

Priscilla said, "I spent most of the time with Auntie Pat. I understood that Grandfather was very busy."

Bill Buckland said his father was a very sensitive man. He suffered from

dermatitis and often used illness to let people know that he wasn't doing well. He never gave his time away. He said it was so valuable. Toward the end of his life he estimated it as being worth £25 an hour.

"Businessmen have told me that my father was the most fantastic businessman they had ever known," Bill Buckland said. "I know he could never delegate anything, even when he was very sick."

He felt this was probably the reason for his father's comparatively early death.

"He would have been 65 on December 11. My wife had knitted him a vest and I was to take it over to Melbourne for him," the son recalled.

Bill and his sister take control, on the death of their father, of a 132,000-acre sheep station at Julia Creek, Queensland, which has been in their names for about 12 years. Income from it has helped with the education of Bill's children.

Bill Buckland hopes to move to Melbourne soon and start a business there.

Son Derek, at 16, wants to go on the land. Priscilla, nearly 15, loves writing poetry, wants to be a kindergarten teacher.

Kim, a lively 13, is keen on cars, like his father and grandfather. He saved £25 to buy a 1940 Austin 8 (and another £5 for a second Austin 8 for spare parts). He and his father painted the car dark blue.

Now it's Kim's pride and joy, even though he can't drive it outside the front gate.

FOOTNOTE

Three years before his death the millionaire wrote to his son asking him to change his christian name so that there would be only one William Buckland in the world.

Bill refused.

CHRISTMAS IN DISNEYLAND

● Walt Disney's brand of magic is allied to no particular season, but in a special edition of "Disneyland" he has blended some old and new favorites into pure Christmas joy.

Television



DAVID TOMLINSON (above) as Mr. Banks of "Mary Poppins," with Mary Poppins (Julie Andrews). Tomlinson is compere of the "Disneyland" Christmas show to be seen in Sydney (TCN9, 6.20 p.m., Christmas Day), Melbourne (HSV7, 7.30 p.m., December 22), Adelaide (ADS7, 7 p.m., December 24), Brisbane (BTQ7, 6.30 p.m., December 15), Perth (TVW7, 7 p.m., December 25).



CARTOON or live, Disney's magic remains. Above is a scene from the Mad Hatter's tea party in "Alice in Wonderland."



PETER PAN, one of the world's best loved classics, makes enchanting Disney. Here Captain Hook, sword at the ready, proves no match for Peter Pan, who outwits his every move.



WART, as a squirrel, has a set-to with a wolf in "The Sword and The Stone." LEFT: Thomasina the cat with Mary MacDhui (Karen Dotrice) in "The Three Lives of Thomasina."

TV's CHRISTMAS PLUMS

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television doesn't come into its own on Christmas Day until the mid-day feasting is over. In that somnolent time, as a built-in baby-sitter or entertainer of relatives and friends, it is the greatest invention of the age.

LATER in the day it presents Christmas goodies that compete with almost any festivity.

TCN9 provides perfect fare for the children at 3.35 p.m.—vintage "Robin Hood," starring Errol Flynn (with Eugene Palette as Friar Tuck).

Make sure you are free of chores early on Christmas night. The "Disneyland" Christmas special is on TCN9 from 6.20 for 70 entrancing minutes (see pictures opposite page).

On Christmas night TCN9 has a movie at 8 o'clock, "Dream Boat," with Clifton Webb and Ginger Rogers; ATN7 at 9.30 has "The Story of Christmas," starring famous folksinger Tennessee Ernie Ford.

For those who like a more conservative Christmas, Channel 2 has the Queen's Message at 7.30, "Christmas With Donald Swann" (see story below), and "The Play of Herod," a medieval music drama at 8.30.

Carols to a tambourine

ONE of TV's Christmas plums is an untraditional hour of carols with Donald Swann, the piano-playing half of the English comedy duo Flanders and Swann.

Apart from his musical life on stage, one of Swann's passions is church music. He writes it, sets other people's writings to music, accompanies it, and takes part in it most wholeheartedly.

I talked to Mr. Swann about his Christmas music. A fan of "At the Drop of a Hat," I was interested to find out how he got into it and what it was like.

Mr. Swann is a bright-eyed, pixie-type man with a relaxing serenity about him.

He turned the short while I spent with him into a delightful time in which I got involved with his carols, his ideas, his wife and two daughters, the washing-up, and some potato-printing.

The Swanns are living in a harbourside flat in Elizabeth Bay, so harbourside that as you sit in the living-room you seem to be floating in the water.

Mr. Swann and I sat at the table gravely watched by his daughter Rachel, 8, as she helped her mother with the washing-up. Obviously taken with a glittering blue saucepan lid, she polished it lovingly till it shone.

Church music has been part of Donald Swann's life since he started school at The

Westminster School, part of Westminster Abbey.

"Later I went to Christ Church at Oxford and I heard church music all round me," he said.

Swann is a church-going Anglican—he went to St. John's, in Darlinghurst, during his Sydney season at the Theatre Royal. He has rewritten the music for matins in what he described as "a rather more glorified and gay manner with a piano, an organ, and a choir."

But he is nothing if not ecumenical. He has also rewritten, at the request of the Methodists, Charles Wesley's famous hymn "Praise the Lord Who Reigns on High."

Television

"The Methodists decided at their last conference that they needed a new tune for this lovely hymn," Mr. Swann said. "They asked me to write it. I was delighted and I did so."

"They were pleased with what I wrote and they now sing this famous hymn to my music. I was also very surprised when they wrote to me after they got the music and told me they always name their hymns—there is the 'Old Hundred' and so on—and asked me to name the new hymn."

"I called it 'Reunion.'"

Mr. Swann has chosen to close his Christmas night telecast with "Reunion." There are also seven carols sung by five singers, accompanied by Mr. Swann either on piano or tambourine.

Don't expect traditional carols. Mr. Swann is tired of them.

"Don't mention 'The Holly and the Ivy,'" he said. So I mentioned "Silent Night" instead.



DONALD SWANN joins his daughters, Natasha (5) and Rachel (8), in an Australian carol, "The Three Drovers."

Mr. Swann practically curled at the edges. "I can't abide it," he said.

Swann carols in "Christmas with Donald Swann" are "Jubilate Domino," "The Clock Carol," "Sanctus" (an old five-part round), "Standing in the Rain" (Swann describes it as "a new ironical carol with a folk beat"), "Venite" ("a piece out of my matins with a whistling chorus in the middle at great speed"), "I Lie Down With God," and "Christmas."

"Christmas" is a poem by John Betjeman set to Swann music. Most of the carols are being performed for the first time here.

Mr. Swann says he would love to be part of the movement that makes the faith more contemporary.

His first step toward this is his music. He believes church music must change, must come closer to the popular music of the day.

I asked him why the piano seemed an unwanted church instrument, always replaced with the more unearthly sound of organ music.

He agreed with me that the piano seemed to be regarded as sacrilegious in a church, but said he would very much like to see it played more in churches.

"I think the idea of the piano in church is absolutely right," he said. "The organ

has had a long run for its money."

"The piano would be very good, so would the electric guitar and drums. Drums would be really something in church."

"Church music must become more exciting. I think the music in 'Black Nativity' (telecast last year by ABC-TV and now showing in Melbourne) is wonderful church music."

"The church must get away from the dreary Victorian music and some of those awful and frightening hymns. They are like dirges—the further back you go in church hymn-writing the slower they get."

Mr. Swann gave me a dirge-like rendition of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and I must say I would have been very depressed but for the somewhat "Hat" type carols and music we'd been talking about.

Mr. Swann and I were interrupted at this stage by Rachel with a book of Australian carols.

We had been talking of the Ecumenical Council and the reunion of the churches, and I asked him whether his daughters' names had any ecumenical significance.

His elder daughter, Rachel, bears a Jewish name and his younger daughter, Natasha, 5, has a Russian or Greek Orthodox name. There is no religious connotation in their naming.

Rachel was so named because Mrs. Swann likes it, and Natasha is called after her grandmother, Mr. Swann's mother, who was Russian.

Mr. Swann likes "The Three Drovers," Rachel's favorite Australian carol, and he called the little girls to sing it for me. Natasha came from her bedroom, where her mother was helping her do some potato printing, with her hands and fingers covered with Christmasy red paint.

The Swann girls obviously agree with their father that Christmas is a wonderful day to celebrate. I think the Swann carols on Christmas night should be an unusual and interesting bit of TV Christmas glitter.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Momma once said, when my voice started to change and I thought everybody was laughing at me . . . "My dear, it's all in the process of growing into manhood. You've seen your baby pictures—remember you had no hair when you were born, and now you have hair? That's one stage. Of course you don't remember when you were getting your first teeth, you kept us awake for quite a few nights—that was another stage. Remember when you put your first tooth under the pillow and the fairies left a coin, and then your new tooth grew down? Well, these are all stages of growing into manhood—it's just temporary, and it happens to all boys." So I asked about my sister. Would her voice change, too? And Momma said, "Yes, but girls are different. Your sister's voice will change, but not until she gets much older." So if you think girls' voices never change, read Momma's moral . . .

Momma's moral: A boy's voice changes when he becomes a man and a girl's voice changes when she becomes a wife.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Investment Clubs

By MARY BROKER

● A new idea for investing may give you a "new leaf" for the New Year—the Investment Club.

THE idea is actually not new. Many of these clubs were formed in the late '50s-early '60s, but the fashion seems to have fallen off.

In America it is quite a big business, and millions of dollars are invested annually through this medium. I think it would be a wonderful idea for the small investors among you.

Basically, the investment club is just a pooling of resources, but it enables those who haven't a great deal to put away each week for investment to gradually build up a share of a reasonably sized portfolio.

There is nothing worse than the feeling that, although you are saving as hard as you can, you will never reach the capital necessary for investment in the "blue chip" stocks such as Burns Philp.

After all, 100 Burns Philp at close to 90/- cost close to £450. Even if you were saving £5 a week for that specific purpose, it would take all of 90 weeks—nearly two years!—to attain your objective.

But if 20 of you put away £5 a week it would take only a month at the most.

However, I am not advising any of you who decide to form a club to start with such a mammoth investment.

There are two factors here.

Firstly, it would be, as a principle of investment, very silly to put all your eggs in the one basket, even with such a first-class growth stock.

After all, the stock market is the stock market, and if there should be a complete economic reversion—not that I think for one minute there will be in the near future—even the mighty must tumble.

Opportunity

In fact, the mighty usually tumble much farther than the lower-priced shares. This seems to me very foolish, but anybody who happened to have some spare cash is of course faced with an excellent buying opportunity, with capital appreciation almost assured.

To put it briefly, anyone starting a fresh portfolio should always plan to have a good spread of investments throughout every growth industry.

In this way you can be sure that if something happened in one industry—for example trouble in New Guinea for Burns Philp, the island trader—there is nothing to prevent the other industries forging ahead.

Secondly, I think at first that if the club has only limited funds it would be a good idea to concentrate at first on stocks which give a reasonable dividend yield. By this I mean near to, or over, 5.0 per cent.

Stocks which come to mind are Ansett yielding 6.3 per cent., Mutual Acceptance yielding 8.3 per cent., Clyde Industries yielding 6.3 per cent., and many others.

I would not go too high with the yield on ordinary shares.

There are a lot of high-yielders around, as you will notice from a glance down the yield column of your daily paper, but yields are usually very high for the extremely good reason that there are a lot of risks involved.

You could of course try fixed interest securities, but I think that ordinary shares could also give you a possibility of growth.

Membership

The reason I suggest "income stocks" is that your dividend cheques can then be ploughed back into the club treasury, providing a solid capital base with which to try your hand at the "growth stocks."

Clubs are formed by many different classes of people, by co-workers, and by close friends. You should try to limit your membership to 20, since more than 20 people will change your legal existence and you will find your "partnership" turns into a different legal and tax entity.

You will probably meet once a month and discuss the movements of capital, where to place new funds, what should be sold, and so on.

In this way you are all contributing something, and discussion of your portfolio will add to your awareness of the stock market.

It will, of course, be just like any other club, with a president, treasurer, secretary, and so on.

If any of your husbands or men friends happen to be solicitors or accountants, so much the better for drawing up club rules, and helping with the yearly accounts.

The Sydney Stock Exchange has put out a very helpful booklet on the matter, containing a suggested agreement for such a club, but suggests—and I do, too—that a solicitor or accountant help you change them around to suit yourselves.

To all of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 30, 1964

CHITTY-CHITTY- BANG-BANG

It was a magical car . . .
beginning a two-part
serial for children and all
the young in heart

By IAN
FLEMING

CREATOR OF JAMES BOND

COMMANDER CARACTACUS POTT was an inventor. Sometimes he invented dull things, like collapsible coathangers, sometimes useless things, like edible gramophone records, and sometimes clever things that only just wouldn't work, like cubical potatoes—easy to pack and peel, but expensive to grow each in its little iron box.

But when he invented Whistling Sweets—round ones with holes in the middle that whistled when you blew through them—they were a success at once.

First they were a success with Jeremy and Jemima the twins, who found they could make all sorts of whistling noises, starting with a shrill one, like a toy steam engine, and ending, when the holes had been sucked bigger, with a deep hoot like a diesel train.

And then they were a success at the Skrumshus sweet factory—such a success that Commander Pott was paid £1000 for the invention and an extra shilling for every 1000 Whistling Sweets sold.

And then the whole Pott family—Commander Pott, Mimsie Pott the mother, and Jeremy and Jemima—hired a taxi and went off to buy a car.

Well, they hunted all that afternoon and all the next day. And at the end of the second day they

came to a broken-down little garage run by a once-famous racing driver.

And what did they see? Just the remains, rusty and broken and bent, of a very long, low, four-seater, open motor-car with the green paint peeling off in strips.

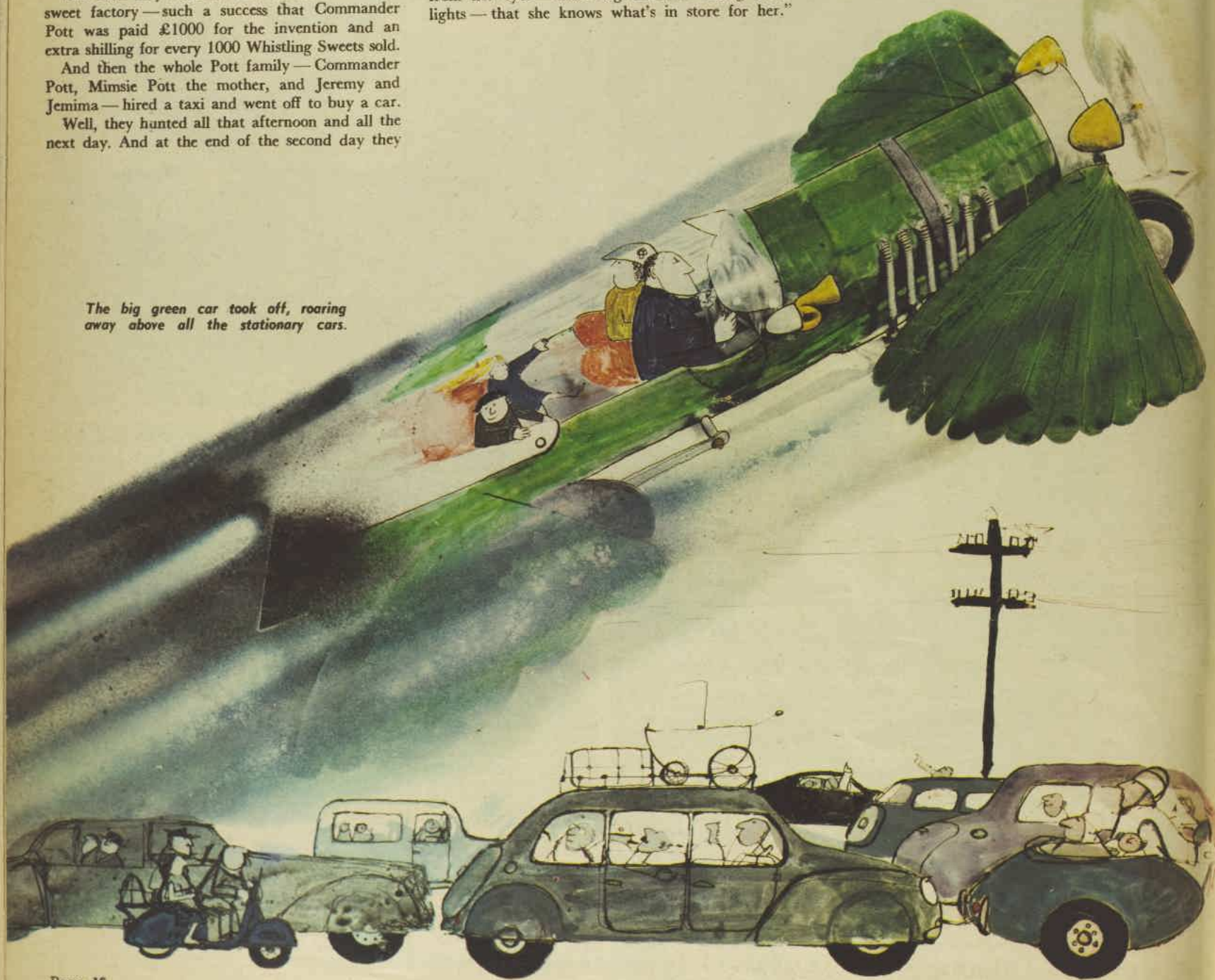
"There she is," said the garage man sadly. "She once knew every racing track in Europe. She's still wearing England's racing green, as you can see, from the early 'thirties. She's a twelve-cylinder, eight-litre supercharged Paragon Panther.

Due for the scrapheap

"This is the only one in the world. Doesn't look much, does she? I'm afraid she's due for the scrapheap.

"Seems a shame, doesn't it? You can almost see from her eyes—those big Marchal racing headlights—that she knows what's in store for her."

The big green car took off, roaring
away above all the stationary cars.



While Commander Pott looked under the bonnet, Mimsie and Jeremy and Jemima prodded the once-beautiful upholstery (moths flew out!) and looked under the carpets (beetles scuttled about!) and examined all the knobs and switches and dials on the dashboard (there were dozens, all rusty and mildewed).

The children looked at Mimsie, and Mimsie looked back at them. They all had the same look, that said: "This must once have been the most beautiful car in the world. Do you suppose we could put her back as she used to be?"

Commander Pott took his face from under the bonnet. He looked at them, and they looked at him, and he said: "I'll buy her. We'll make her as good as new. How much do you want for her?"

"Fifty pounds," said the garage man.

As they bowled along in their taxi home, Jemima whispered to Jeremy: "Did you notice something very mysterious about the old registration number on our car?"

"Gen II. Don't you realise what that spells? Genii—magical people."

"Hum," said Jeremy. "Hum!" And they sat silently thinking of this odd coincidence until they got home.

Great day arrives

Next day the twins had to go off to boarding school, so they never saw the arrival of the car, bumping and crashing down the lane behind a breakdown lorry. Mimsie wrote how it disappeared into Commander Pott's workshop and how their father locked himself in with it and only emerged to eat and sleep.

For three months he worked secretly. Often lights shone all night and mysterious packages arrived from engineering factories all over England. He went through periods of gloom and nightmares and loss of appetite, but gradually he became happier until, as the holidays came near, he was smiling and rubbing his hands.

Then at last came the great day when they fetched Jeremy and Jemima from school, and the whole family assembled outside the workshop while Commander Pott solemnly unlocked the doors.

"But she's the most beautiful car in the world," said Jemima.

And she was.

Every single thing had been put right and everything gleamed and glinted with new paint and polished chromium; from the rows of gleaming knobs on the dashboard to the new dark red leather upholstery; from the fine new tyres and the glistening silver of the huge exhaust pipes snaking away from holes in the bonnet to the glittering number plates that said GEN II.

They climbed in: Jemima and Jeremy in the back amid the big, soft, red leather cushions. Mimsie in her own bucket seat, and then Commander Pott pressed the self-starter.

And out of the exhaust pipes came just these four noises—very loud.

CHITTY CHITTY
BANG BANG

And there was a distinct pause after each noise, and it was like two big sneezes and two small explosions. And then there was silence.

Again Jeremy and Jemima looked at each other. Had something gone wrong?

But Commander Pott just said: "She's a bit cold. Now then!"

He pressed the starter again. And this time, after the first two CHITTY sneezes and the two soft BANGS, the BANGS ran on and into each other to make a delicious purring rumble.

Commander Pott put the big car into gear and slowly they rumbled and roared out of the workshop into the sunshine and up the lane toward the motorway.

When they got to the side road that joined



"She once knew every racing track in Europe," the garage man told the Potts.

the motorway, Commander Pott pressed the big bulb of the boa-constrictor horn and it let out a deep polite but rather threatening roar.

And then, because he wanted to show everything to the children, he pressed the button in the middle of the wheel and the klaxon horn fired off a terrific blast of warning: GA-GOOOOOO-GA! Then he steered out onto the motorway.

Well, I can only tell you that the huge, long, gleaming, green car almost flew. With a click of the big gear lever Commander Pott got out of first gear into second at 40 miles an hour; with another click at seventy miles an hour he was in third, and as they touched one hundred miles an hour he put the huge car into top gear, and there they were passing the other black-beetle cars as if they were standing still.

GA-GOOOOOO-GA went the klaxon again as they swept down the big, safe, double-lane highway.

The drivers of little family saloons looked in their rear-vision mirrors and saw the great gleaming monster whistling toward them, and drew into the left-hand side to let her go by, and all the drivers said: "Ooo-er! See that! Smashing."

When they got home and the car stopped with one last CHITTY-CHITTY and a deep sigh of contentment, Mimsie said: "Terrific!" and Jemima said: "Adorable," and Jeremy said: "Smashing!"

And Commander Pott said: "But I'm warning you. There's something odd about this car. I've put every invention and improvement I could think of into her, but she's got some ideas of her own."

"Sometimes in the morning when I came back to work again I'd find that certain changes had taken place all by themselves during the night."

"I suspect this car has thought out certain extraordinary devices, just as if she had a mind of her own, as if she was grateful to us for saving her life."

Down to the sea

"And you see all those rows and rows of knobs and levers and little lights on the dashboard? Well, there are some that seem to be secret gadgets. She just won't let me find out."

"She?" said Jemima.

"We've got to have a name for her," said Jeremy, "and I know we ought to call her what she called herself when she started CHITTY-CHITTY, like sneezes, and then BANG-BANG. So we'll call her Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang."

And they did.

Next day was a Saturday, and the sun streamed down, and at breakfast Commander Pott said, "Let's take a delicious picnic and climb into Chitty-

Chitty-Bang-Bang and dash off down the Dover Road to the sea."

Twenty-two thousand six hundred and fifty-four other cars full of families (the Automobile Association counted them) had the same idea.

The Potts made terribly slow progress, getting more and more hot and impatient, and outside Canterbury they came upon a solid jam of cars.

It really looked as if they couldn't possibly get to the sea in time for their picnic, let alone a bathe before it.

Suddenly Commander Pott glanced at the dashboard. Among all the knobs and instruments a light was flashing pink. And it showed a word: "PULL!" "Good heavens," said Commander Pott. "I wondered what that knob was for."

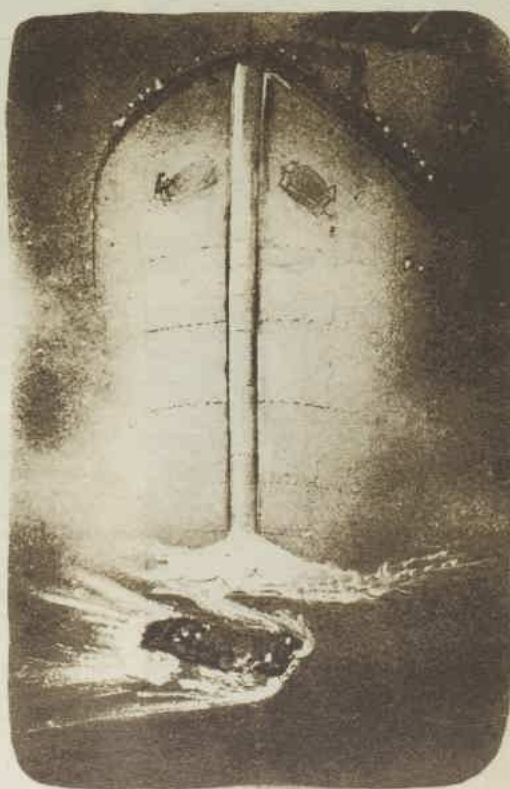
And then the light turned angry red and another word showed, so that the knob read "PULL IDIOT!"

Commander Pott laughed. "Here's Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang taking control and calling me an idiot into the bargain. Here goes!"

And he pulled down the little silver lever...

A kind of soft humming noise began. It seemed to come from all over the car. And then the most extraordinary changes began. The large front

To page 28



Coming straight at them out of the fog was the bow of a great liner.

"You'll feel the yoke of a married



PRINCESS ROYAL in her wedding gown with Queen, Prince Consort.



PRINCE LEOPOLD, Victoria's eighth child, pictured in 1858.



PRINCE ALFRED — Victoria's fourth child, pictured in 1858.



"BERTIE," Prince of Wales and the Queen's eldest son, in 1861.

● A Queen Victoria who called pregnancy "this horrid news," men "the cause of all one's misery," and warned not to "engage in baby worship" emerges in hitherto unpublished letters to her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal.

The intimate and revealing letters between mother and daughter which are printed below were written during the Princess Royal's early married life. Victoria, mother of nine, wrote a wealth of advice on her daughter's first pregnancy, revealing as she did so her own horror of confinements and marked distaste for new babies.

THE whole correspondence lasted for 40 years, with Victoria writing at least twice a week, and her daughter almost as frequently. All letters are still in existence.

Those written between early 1858, when the Princess married Frederick of Prussia (who became the German Emperor), and December, 1861, when her father, the Prince Consort, died, have been gathered together in a book, "Dearest Child," extracts from which are printed in this article.

The editor, Roger Fulford, says the Queen's handwriting was "vehement," but that in all the huge correspondence she hardly ever makes a slip of the pen or is guilty of a spelling mistake.

She wrote on four-sided writing paper—7in. by 4½in. The first sheet had a lithograph of Balmoral, Windsor, Osborne, or Aldershot if she was writing from there, though never of Buckingham Palace.

She never used less than three of these four-sided sheets of paper and sometimes as many as six.

The marriage of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick took place in the Chapel Royal at St. James' Palace on January 25, 1858. The bride was just 17, the bridegroom 26.

In the afternoon she and her husband left for Windsor Castle, where the honeymoon was spent.

Queen Victoria wrote, on the wedding day, from Buckingham Palace:

My own darling Child,

Your dear little note reached me just as we were sitting down to dinner and gave us both the greatest pleasure. We missed you much.

The object for which so much had been going on had disappeared, the object of our tenderest solicitude for 17 years is now in other but truly safe and loving hands.

This has been a very trying day for you, my dearest child—and you behaved excessively well so that you have only added to the love and affection so many bear to you. It is a very solemn act, the most important and solemn in everyone's life, but much more so in a woman's than in a man's.

I have ever looked on the blessed day which united me to your beloved and perfect Papa—as the cause not only of my own happiness (a happiness few, if any, enjoy), but as the one which brought happiness and blessings on this country!

You have also the blessing of a dear, kind, excellent husband who loves you tenderly, devotedly. Let it be your study and your object to make his life and his home a peaceful and happy one and to be of use to him and be a comfort to him in every possible way.

Holy and intimate is this union of man and wife as no other can be, and you can never give your parents more happiness and comfort than when they know and see that you are a truly devoted, loving, and useful wife to your dear husband.

Your going away gave us all a great

pang. Dearest Papa sends you many, many blessings and kisses.

Ever your truly devoted and loving
Mama.

V.R.

The Prince and Princess left Buckingham Palace on the morning of February 2 in an open carriage, through a snowstorm, for Germany.

That day the Queen wrote:

Buckingham Palace, February, 2, 1858

We have such reason to be thankful, very very thankful, and this will carry us over the first bitter moments of separation, which are bitter indeed, and the knowledge of your having such a very dear, kind, excellent, tender-hearted husband on whose bosom you can pour out every grief, whom we love and trust as our own son (indeed more than a son, for the husband of one's own daughter stands to a mother, after her daughter, the nearest to anyone) is a comfort and a satisfaction.

Four days later she wrote:

Don't trouble yourself with descriptions of great things, leave that to Jane C. and Lord Sydney (*Lady Churchill and Lord Sydney accompanied the Princess to Germany*) and the papers, but give me your feelings—and your impressions about people and things, and little interior details.

1. What dress and bonnet did you wear on landing? And what bonnet the two next days?

2. What sort of rooms had you at Cologne and Magdeburg?

3. What cloak did you wear on the road, and have you been drawing?

4. How do you like the German diet?

Get Jane C. to tell me all about your rooms—the railway carriages, etc. Has the railway carriage got a small room to it? And were your rooms on the journey and at Potsdam arranged according to English fashion?

Then I see by the papers you wore a green dress at the Cologne concert. Was that the one with black lace?—You must not be impatient about all these details which I am so anxious to know, for I am anxious to know how all my toilettes succeeded. The pink ball dress at Brussels was so much admired.

How I do long to hear all about the King and Queen and family.

Buckingham Palace, February 24, 1858

All you say in your letter of the 20th—by the messenger—about the family (*The Prussian Royal family*)—your tone with them—the line of discretion you pursue of never talking about your husband or parents-in-law is just what I expected and what I could wish.

Pursue that course always and never pour out your troubles or trials to any ears but ours.

Then again, in March, from Osborne:

Since you have told me all your hours and arrangements and since I have seen Jane C., I am much happier in that respect. Could you not just scribble on a bit of paper—how your table stands, etc., in your sitting-room—how the toilet table—and bed, etc.—I could then

try to picture it to myself. I mean a sort of plan.

Later that month the Queen of England wrote:

Now to reply to your observation that you find a married woman has much more liberty than an unmarried one; in one sense of the word she has—but what I meant was—in a physical point of view—and if you have hereafter (as I had constantly for the first two years of my marriage)—aches—and sufferings and miseries and plagues—which you must struggle against—and enjoyment, etc., to give up—constant precautions to take, you will feel the yoke of a married woman! Without that—certainly it is unbounded happiness—if one has a husband one worships! It is a foretaste of heaven.

And you have a husband who adores you, and is, I perceive, ready to meet every wish and desire of yours.

I had nine times for eight months to bear with those abovenamed enemies and real misery (besides many duties) and I own it tried me sorely; one feels so pinned down—one's wings clipped—in fact, at the best (and few were or are better than I was) only half oneself—particularly the first and second time.

This I call the "shadow side" as much as being torn away from one's loved home, parents and brothers and sisters. And, therefore, I think our sex a most unenviable one.

By April a new element had entered into the correspondence.

It is most odious but they have spread a report that you and I are both in what I call an unhappy condition!

It is odious and though it is naturally denied by me and all who are well informed—as regards me, people say they know it is so! Really too bad.

Good Sir James (*the Queen's doctor*) and all who love you—hope that you will be spared this trial for a year yet, as you are so very young and I know you would feel all the homesickness—and every other little trial so much more if you were ailing and in a state of constant malaise.

If I had had a year of happy enjoyment with dear Papa to myself—how thankful I should have been! But I was three years and a half older; and therefore I was in for it at once—and furious I was.

I really hope you are not getting fat again? Do avoid eating soft, pappy things or drinking much—you know how that fattens.

From Berlin on April 16, 1858, the Princess Royal wrote to her mother:

But do pray do not give up the thought of coming here. I want you to see my dear home and all the people I come daily in contact with, and hear your opinion about all; if you mean to wait for a certain event to happen to poor me you may wait an eternity.

It is too bad to spread reports about Louise and me, but I can't stir a little finger here without some meaning being put upon it; it is such a plague.

Not that I should be sorry, dear

woman," wrote Queen Victoria

LETTERS FROM VICTORIA TO HER NEWLY WED DAUGHTER

Mama, if such a thing were to happen. I should on the contrary be very happy and think it a great blessing, but I am thankful to be spared it now. I am too young for it.

You know me well enough, dearest Mama, to know what I think about such things. I would take them just as they come, never go into sentimental ecstasies as is sometimes the case, which you and I, dear Mama, have often thought tiresome, foolish, and ridiculous, but be thankful for everything God in his mercy sends us.

The Queen lost no time in writing back:

I cannot tell you how happy I am that you are not in an unenviable position. I never can rejoice by hearing that a poor young thing is pulled down by this trial.

Though I quite admit the comfort and blessing good and amiable children are—though they are also an awful plague and anxiety for which they show one so little gratitude very often!

What made me so miserable was—to have the two first years of my married life utterly spoilt by this occupation!

I could enjoy nothing—not travel about or go about with dear Papa, and if I had waited a year, as I hope you will, it would have been very different.

However, the Queen's relief was short-lived, as the "horrid news" of the following letter refers to the Princess Royal's pregnancy.

Osborne, May, 26, 1858

On the afternoon of my birthday (which was a wet one) I received your dear letter of the 22nd with such dear, warm, hearty expressions of love and affection for which 1000 thanks.

I have no doubt, dearest child, that you can now much better appreciate Mama's love and affection and understand how all what you grumbled and struggled and kicked against was for your good, and meant in love!—your love and affection you know, dearest child, I never doubted, I only was often grieved and hurt at your manner, your temper.

The horrid news contained in Fritz's letter to Papa upset us dreadfully. The more so as I feel certain almost it will all end in nothing. ("Fritz" was Prince Frederick.)

And three days later Victoria was writing:

But I am so unhappy about you! It is well Fritz is not in sight just now or he would not be graciously received.

Tell him that if he leaves you quite alone for a fortnight (he promised me never to do so without you were with his mother or sister or us) I shall not call him my son any more as I shall consider he has forfeited the claim!

We tell everyone your foot is the cause of your not going to Coburg—and that the lying up has weakened you.

I hope you do the same—and Fritz don't allow his own people and relations to enter into such subjects; it is so indelicate; Papa never allowed it and I should have been frantic.

In a long letter written two weeks later Victoria continues:

What you say of the pride of giving life to an immortal soul is very fine, dear, but I own I cannot enter into that; I think much more of our being like a cow or a dog at such moments; when our poor nature becomes so very animal and unecstatic—but for you, dear, if you are sensible and reasonable, not in ecstasy nor spending your day with nurses and wet nurses, which is the ruin of many a refined and in-



THE PRINCESS ROYAL, from a painting by Winterhalter.

tellectual young lady, without adding to her real maternal duties, a child will be a great resource.

Above all, dear, do remember never to lose the modesty of a young girl toward others (without being prudish); though you are married don't become a matron at once to whom everything can be said, and who minds saying nothing herself—I remained particular to a degree (indeed feel so now) and often feel shocked at the confidences of other married ladies.

I fear abroad they are very indelicate about these things.

Think of me who at that first time, very unreasonable, and perfectly furious as I was to be caught, having to have drawing rooms and levees and made to sit down—and be stared at and take every sort of precaution.

At the end of June she gives these cautions:

Promise me one thing, dear; don't stoop when you sit and write, it is very bad for you now, and later it will make you ill; remember how straight I always sit, which enables me to write without fatigue at all times.

I always was distressed to see you bend so in drawing and writing, and now it is very, very bad for you, dear. Then on June 30:

I also send you some soothing tincture (which Mr. Saunders prescribed) which will do you great good; put a teaspoonful of it into water, and hold it in your mouth, when you have pain and it will allay it.

I suffered also this way.

Mr. Saunders is going to Germany and is most anxious to see you, and he is so sensible and clever and always managed your teeth so well—and the German dentists are not famous and the German teeth are so bad) you ought to see him, for teeth suffer much from your condition, some people lose one every child they have, and you will require to have them carefully looked at.

I delight in the idea of being a grand-mama; to be that at 39 and to look and



QUEEN VICTORIA and the PRINCE CONSORT, 1861.



PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia in 1858, the year he married the English Princess Royal.

feel young is great fun, only I wish I could go through it for you, dear, and save you all the annoyance. But that can't be helped.

I think of my next birthday being spent with my children and a grandchild. It will be a treat! Of course you will never allow your "young German individual" to be treated in the horrid way you describe and draw.

(In her letter of June 29 the Princess Royal had written, "The poor dear little wretched things are sewn up in cushions. Is it not horrid?")

Victoria next wrote:

You can do so much in setting a good example and introducing rational habits as you have already.

Marie has got a nice English nurse for her baby—who is treated quite sensibly and quantities of English nurses are now in request for Germany and Russia. They are the best for babies and little children until they are five or six.

In September her mother wrote to the Princess Royal from Balmoral Castle:

By the by I spoke to Papa about the prayers which Count Dohna wanted to have already put up for you—and we both think it would be much better, more decent, to delay it till the last month before, when you need not be present yourself.

Besides the extreme awkwardness and indelicacy—of having it read with your name in your presence—it has the bad effect of making people expect it long before it can be, if it is publicly announced nearly five months before!

It never was done for me, and time progresses in delicacy I hope! I am sure the Prince would understand this and do whatever you liked.

Victoria's interference was resented by some members of the young Princess' household.

Diary Charles Greville tells how Baron Stockman (father of the Princess' secretary) said to Lord Clarendon (then visiting Germany):

"I want to talk to you on a very important matter and to invoke your aid. It relates to this poor child here.

"Her mother is behaving abominably to her . . .

"The Queen wishes to exercise the same authority and control over her that she did before her marriage; and she writes her constant letters full of anger and reproaches, desiring all sorts of things to be done that it is neither right nor desirable that she should do."

But Victoria was off again, and in another long letter declared:

Of all the wonderful German notions that one of a lady in your condition being unable to stand god-mother is the most extraordinary I ever heard!

Is a woman really bewitched or possessed to be considered unlucky?

I think that must be only a Prussian notion (perhaps Russian?) because I have heard of so many christenings abroad where people have been in that condition and stand as godmothers.

I hope that you will break through that; but above all, promise me never to do so improper and indecorous a thing as to be lying in a dressing gown on a sofa at a christening!

It would shock people here very much, and as my daughter and an English Princess I expect you will not do it.

Conform to all what is reasonable, right—and essential, but in what is absurd and affected, set a good example.

In former times ladies received visits in their beds; Queen Charlotte also lay on a bed at her children's christenings!!

Let German ladies do what they like but the English Princess must not.

Continued overleaf

"An ugly baby is a very

Continued from previous page

With a show of unusual firmness, the young Princess replied:

Babelsberg, October 9, 1858

I think I am not likely to forget the early lessons I have received at home, at least I hope to give proofs of this, and I should think myself very ungrateful if I could forget them or the duties I owe to my country which I shall love so passionately till my dying day, and be too proud to have belonged to ever to let myself forget.

But my first duties are here now, and in fulfilling them to the utmost I can only be doing what my own country would wish and expect; how often have allusions been made at home to my following your example here, which I could not do if I gave offence by not observing the customs of the country.

Therefore as to the possibility of being like the other princesses here, on a sofa at the event of a christening, I can give no promise against; ask dear Papa whether he doth not think I am right.

It would seem strange if a German Princess married in England and insisted on having a christening there with the same customs observed as in her home.

I fear I should make myself justly disliked if I showed a contempt for a custom which is, after all, an innocent one — of sitting on an armchair or chaise-longue and, as the ladies do here, is natural when the children are christened at three weeks of age as they always are here.

I cannot say that I see anything indecent in the custom.

I remember last year I was horrified when I heard of Louise of Baden lying on a sofa to receive her congratulations, but now that I have seen, there is really nothing indecorous in it; the Princess of Prussia sat in an armchair.

Shortly Victoria was to return to her now familiar theme:

I hope Fritz is duly shocked at your suffering, for those very selfish men would not bear for a minute what we poor slaves have to endure.

But don't dread the denouement; there is no need of it; and don't talk to ladies about it, as they will only alarm you, particularly abroad, where so much more fuss is made of a very natural and usual thing. I shall see Mrs. Lilley next week, and then Mrs. Innocent; and then Mrs. Hobbs.

(These were to go to Germany as nurses for the baby.)

On November 17, 1858, Victoria wrote from Windsor Castle:

I know that the little being will be a great reward for all your trouble and suffering—but I know you will not forget, dear, your promise not to indulge in "baby worship," or to neglect your other greater duties in becoming a nurse.

You know how manifold your duties are, and as my dear child is a little disorderly in regulating her time, I fear you might lose a great deal of it, if you overdid the passion for the nursery.

No lady, and still less a Princess, is fit for her husband or her position, if she does that.

I know, dear, that you will feel and guard against this, but I only just wish to remind you and warn you, as with your great passion for little children (which are mere little plants for the first six months) it would be very natural for you to be carried away by your pleasure at having a child.

In the same letter the Queen makes one of her numerous complaints against her son Bertie, the Prince of Wales, later to be Edward VII:

I can not bear to think Bertie is going to you and I can't—and when I look at the baby things and feel I shall not be, where every other mother is — and I ought to be and can't — it makes me sick and almost frantic. Why in the world did you manage to

LETTERS FROM QUEEN VICTORIA TO HER NEWLY WED DAUGHTER

choose a time when we could not be with you? In Nov.: Dec.: or the beginning of January we could have done it so easily.

Well, it is no use complaining. Let us hope on another similar occasion to be more fortunate.

Poor Bertie! He vexes us much. There is not a particle of reflection, or even attention to anything but dress! Not the slightest desire to learn, on the contrary, *il se bouche les oreilles* (he blocks his ears), the moment anything of interest is being talked of!

I only hope he will meet with some severe lesson to shame him out of his ignorance and dullness.

Discussing the number of children which the Princess Royal might have, the Queen wrote:

But I hope you will have no chance of two for some time, and not of three for a long time. Bertie and I both suffered (and the former will ever suffer) from coming so soon after you.

We are glad to hear so good an account of poor Bertie, I have no doubt his visit to you — and the mild but firm influence of Colonel Bruce — will do him much good.

But we always found that he appeared for the first week—much improved, then (as is always the case with him in everything) he gradually went down hill; not paying attention to what is said or read or what he sees is the real misfortune.

His natural turn and taste is very trifling, and I think him a very dull companion.

But he has been quite altered for the last few months (in short since he lived at the White Lodge) as to manner, and he is no longer *difficile à vivre*.

Handsome I cannot think him, with that painfully small and narrow head, those immense features and total want of chin.

In the first part of this letter the Queen gives certain directions to the Princess to avoid any clashes between the monthly nurse and her dressers, and she goes on:

Some little further memoranda I will send you by the messenger. Mrs. Innocent has likewise copies of all the notes I put down afterwards of all I did.

All this I have been particularly anxious about — as my two first confinements — for want of order — and from disputes and squabbles (chiefly owing to my poor old governess who would meddle) were far from comfortable or convenient and the doctors, too, had not found out quite how to treat me.

I am therefore particularly anxious that you should profit by my experience (which resulted in my last five confinements being as quiet and comfortable as possible) and be spared as much (as possible) all the inconveniences arising from want of experience, etc., which are natural in a first confinement.

So you see, dear, that though alas far away (which I shall never console myself for) — I watch over you as if I were there.

By the by, let me caution you not to make too much of Mrs. Innocent or see more of her before you are confined than is necessary, because these nurses are dreadfully spoiled by the ladies and full of pretensions; and even, my dear, old Mrs. Lilley had to be put down and put into her proper place before Alfred was born, by the Baron.

Since that she has never given a moment's trouble — but I do know that Mrs. I. herself is a little spoilt.

Writing from Windsor Castle to the Princess on her first wedding anniversary, the Queen said:

Thousands of good wishes to you both. My thoughts are literally entirely

taken up with you and with last year's very eventful, and very touching day. I see it all before me and your dear, quiet face and manner.

Yes, dearest child, my thoughts are very mixed, joyful, grateful and yet sad; for "the happiest day of your life" as you call it, and as we are truly thankful to have you call it—tore the buds from the parent tree.

If it were not for the distance this would not be felt, but I never hear or see parents in this country having their married daughters so often with them and going so often to see them, without a feeling of envy.

However, I am not going to speak today of my trials, but of your happiness.

I was more fortunate than you, on the first anniversary of my wedding day, I had shaken my burden off 6 weeks before, was as strong and well as if nothing had happened, and your christening took place in the evening.

How well can I see all before me! You, dear child, do understand now that a daughter's wedding must be a very trying day for the mother, far, far more so, than for the young, unknowing, confiding bride.

The Princess Royal's eldest child, the future German Kaiser, was born on January 27. It was a dangerous birth, and there was great anxiety for the baby and some for the mother.

Victoria wrote:

Windsor Castle, January 29, 1859

God be praised for all his mercies, and for bringing you safely through this awful time! Our joy, our gratitude knows no bounds.

My precious darling, you suffered much more than I ever did—and how I wish I could have lightened them for you! Poor dear Fritz—how he will have suffered for you!

I think and feel much for him; the dear little boy if I could but see him for one minute, give you one kiss. It is hard, very hard.

But we are so happy, so grateful! And people here are all in ecstasies

—such pleasure, such delight—as if it was their own prince and so it is, too! All the children so delighted!

You will and must feel so thankful all is over! But don't be alarmed for the future, it never can be so bad again! Yours and baby's healths were drunk on Thursday evening.

In a letter written two days later the new grandmother asked:

Don't you feel such a weight off your mind, such a sense of returning freedom and thankfulness? I always felt that intense happiness on first waking, so different to the mornings of anxious expectations, of dread and anxiety.

It is not a pleasant affair, God knows, for anyone, but you, my own darling, have had the very worst beginning possible from suffering so much!

How I do long to see my little grandson! I own it seems very funny to me to be a grandmama, and so many people tell me they can't believe it!

That dear, dear lock of hair, but because it shows me that you thought directly of poor absent Mama, who quite pines at times to be with you.

I send you today a little cushion for your back when you are on your sofa, every stitch of which I have worked myself with the English colors which I trust you will like.

The Queen wrote again on February 23:

These two last days, telegrams have cheered and delighted me more than words can say. I see a decided progress, and hope each day you will feel stronger and better.

Occasional lowness and tendency to cry you must expect. You, of all people, would be inclined to this; and I am quite agreeably surprised to hear from Sir James how little you suffered with this; for it is what every lady suffers with more or less and what I, during my two first confinements, suffered dreadfully with.

We are so pleased with the names, four like your two younger brothers and ending with Albert, like all your brothers.

(Victoria had learned the baby was to be called Frederick William Victor Albert.)

She next wrote:

I am glad that the christening is put



QUEEN VICTORIA and the Princess Royal, as a child, from a sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer.

"nasty object," Victoria wrote

off till the 5th, as, backward as you are, you would have been much shaken and agitated by the pleasure and emotion of such an interesting scene.

What it is to us not to be there, and to be unable on account of this dreadful Parliament, which we always find a cause of worry, to go and be present at this most interesting and gratifying event for grandparents, I cannot say.

But, please God: the next one I shall see at its christening, though I hope there won't be one for a good long time.

You, poor dear child, have suffered and gone through so much more than I ever did, that you will, I fear, be some time before you can dispel the recollection of it. But believe my words it will never be so again.

How I envy Lord Raglan and Captain De Ros, I cannot say! I wish I could go as their servant.

(These two men had gone to represent the Queen at the christening.)

It is very nice of you, dear, to try and console me by saying perhaps if I was there I could not talk to you as much as we should like; but that's nonsense, dearest, because if we came now — we could talk as much as we liked, and if I had been with you all through — we would have seen enough of each other and I know everything so well, that we should not have required to talk.

And I should certainly have been most severe as to your talking as I know better than anyone, having had nine (think of that, dear), how very bad and fatiguing it is for the nerves and head to talk much.

Why did you not put on a dress sooner? I always put mine on, as you must remember, some three days before I got up from the sofa.

I fear if Baby is so lively already he will give you plenty to do hereafter.

If you remember what Leopold was! I hope, dear, he won't be like the ugliest and least pleasing of the whole family. Leopold was not an ugly little baby, only as he grew older he grew plainer, and so excessively quizzical; that is so vexatious.

In her next letter she wrote:

Now I must ask you (what I forgot in my Wednesday letter) how it is that you should have wished so very much for a boy, when you told me so positively at Babelsberg that you wished for a girl, and Countess Blucher told me the same?

As it is — it is a great happiness it should be a boy for the country and for you all, but I own I much wished for a girl, as boys cause so much more suffering, and sometimes one buys the experience with one's first child and therefore a girl is sometimes better. (Though we had no more difficulties with our boys than with our girls, rather the contrary, while they were babies, excepting Affie with his rash.)

But I know that after Bertie was born, with whom I suffered far the most severely, the doctors said it was a mercy it had not been the first child as it would have been a very serious affair.

But as it is, and as your darling child is so healthy and strong, it is much better it should be a boy.

The Princess Royal wrote from Berlin on March 8, 1859, to her mother:

You asked me in your letter why I wished all of sudden for a boy; I only said I did not wish for one, as the fox did not wish for the grapes.

I did not wish to be disappointed, so I thought best to prepare for a girl, but it was all along my ardent wish and prayer to have a son!

Dear Fritz always said he did not care which it was.

The Queen replied:

Poor dear darling! I pitied you so! It is indeed too hard and dreadful what we have to go through and men ought to have an adoration for one,

and indeed to do everything to make up, for what after all they alone are the cause of!

I must say it is a bad arrangement, but we must calmly, patiently bear it, and feel that we can't help it and therefore we must forget it, and the more we retain our pure, modest feelings, the easier it is to get over it all afterwards.

I am very much like a girl in all these feelings, but since I have had a grown-up married daughter, and young married relations I have been obliged to hear and talk of things and details which I hate — but which are unavoidable.

Later she wrote:

In so many ways and things your case and mine are so different; and though I hated the thought of having children and have no adoration for very little babies (particularly not in their baths till they are past 3 or 4 months, when they really become very lovely), still I know what a fuss and piece of work was made with you; far too much I think, for it was not good to dress you as often as you were, and to have you up so late.

I used to have you in my dressing room — while I dressed for dinner, dancing on Mrs. Pegley's knees—till you got so lively that you did not sleep at night.

All that was very foolish, and I warn you against it—but one is very foolish with one's first child.

Still, I have been much more tender with the younger ones, though they are much less seen and much less fuss is made about them.

Never fear to tire me in writing about the darling, it gives me the very greatest pleasure and I shall be ready to spoil him as much as all grand-mamas. It is a proud feeling no doubt to be the mother of a living being!

The following month Victoria expressed these sentiments to her daughter:

I am shocked to hear baby leaves off his caps so soon; I hope, however, only in the nursery, for they look so frightful to be seen without caps. In the nursery it is wholesome, but it is not pretty.

Victoria further expresses her sentiments on marriage in a letter from Windsor Castle, dated April 20, 1859:

I really think I shall never let your sisters marry — certainly not to be so constantly away and see so little of their parents — as till now, you have done, contrary to all that I was originally promised and told.

Yes, dearest, it is an awful moment to have to give one's innocent child up to a man, be he ever so kind and good — and to think of all that she must go through!

I can't say what I suffered, what I felt — what struggles I had to go through—(indeed I have not quite got over it yet) and that last night when we took you to your room, and you cried so much, I said to Papa as we came back, "after all, it is like taking a poor lamb to be sacrificed." You now know — what I meant, dear.

I know that God has willed it so, and that these are the trials which we poor women must go through; no father, no man can feel this! Papa never would enter into it all! As in fact he seldom can in my very violent feelings.

It really makes me shudder when I look around at all your sweet, happy, unconscious sisters — and think that I must give them up, too—one by one!!

Our dear Alice has seen and heard more (of course not what no one ever can know before they marry and before they have had children) than you did, from your marriage — and quite enough to give her a horror rather of marrying.

What happiness it will be when we meet again. I am sure, dear, that we shall agree in many things much more than we used to do. Indeed, ever since you married I found this to be the case.



PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia, the husband of the English Princess Royal, and their infant son, Prince William, who was later to make history as the German "Kaiser Bill."

Victoria did not hesitate to give her views on babies:

Windsor Castle, May 4, 1859

I know well that one is always so annoyed if one's children are called small, though I'm sure I don't know why, for the smallest babies are often the largest children; Leopold was the smallest when born — of any of you, and he is the tallest (certainly of the boys) of his age of any of you, and the ugliest.

But I know that your little darling is considered a large child . . .

I like them (babies) better than I did, if they are nice and pretty, and my grandchild, I should delight in.

Abstractedly, I have no *tendre* for them till they have become a little human; an ugly baby is a very nasty object — and the prettiest is frightful when undressed — till about four months; in short as long as they have their big body and little limbs and that terrible froglike action.

But from four months, they become prettier and prettier. And I repeat it — your child would delight me at any age.

I never cared for you near as much as you seem to do about baby; I care much more for the younger ones (poor Leopold perhaps excepted) but one makes much more fuss with the first than when one has many more.

We used constantly to see you and Bertie in bed and bathed — and we only see the younger ones — once in three months perhaps.

Again, Victoria deplures pregnancies, adding a little gossip about women she knows who are frequently in this "horrid" situation:

How can anyone, who has not been married above two years and three quarters (like Ada) rejoice at being a third time in that condition?

I positively think those ladies who are always *enceinte* (pregnant) quite disgusting; it is more like a rabbit or guinea-pig than anything else, and really it is not very nice.

There is Lady Kildare who has two a year, one in January and one in December — and always is so, whenever one sees her!

And there is no end to the jokes about her!

I know Papa is shocked at that sort of thing.

Let me repeat once more, dear, that it is very bad for any person to have them very fast — and that the poor children suffer for it, even more, not to speak of the ruin it is to the looks of a young woman — which she must not neglect for her husband's sake, particularly when she is a Princess and obliged to appear.

Following the death of a member of the Prussian Royal family, Victoria on July 6 wrote:

I think it quite wrong that the nursery are not in mourning, at any rate I should make them wear grey or white or drab—and baby wear white and lilac, but not colors. That I think shocking.

Well of course with your German relations you must I suppose do what is custom—but you must promise me that if I should die your child or children and those around you should mourn; this really must be.

Later on, the Princess wrote to her mother that one of the Prussian princesses despised women, thinking all they should do was to be well-dressed, look pretty, and have children. So the Queen replied:

That despising our poor degraded sex—(for what else is it as we poor creatures are born for man's pleasure and amusement, and destined to go through endless suffering and trials?) is a little in all clever men's natures; dear Papa even is not quite exempt though he would not admit it—but he laughs and sneers constantly at many of them and at our unavoidable inconveniences, etc., though he hates the want of affection, of due attention to and protection of them, says that the men who leave all home affairs—and the education of their children to their wives—forget their first duties.

But understandably in your new country, there is a terrible want of feeling for family life.

Victoria never forgot she was the Princess Royal's mother, and here corrects a spelling error her daughter made:

Windsor Castle, October 19, 1859

I am so glad you like the little hat

Continued on page 26



All who awaited the Clarabelle's arrival knew her coming would be heralded with joy . . . a short story

The Christmas Ship

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

By LOLA IRISH

THE Christmas ship was late. For weeks all Sydney had been haunting the wharves seeking news, or strolling the paths by the water watching for billowing sails, or riding out to the South Head to scan the empty Pacific. There was scarcely another topic at the breakfast tables, or about the stalls in George Street, or between the housewives filling their pitchers at the pump.

There had been news of the Clarabelle from the Cape, but that was long ago, and after that—nothing. Not even from Van Diemen's Land—and there had been other ships in. Officialdom knew nothing—or else would not confirm the Colony's worst, not-yet-outspoken fears. The Christmas ship, the long-awaited, much-needed Christmas ship was very late indeed.

Ensign Mark Dennis, of the "nines," Her Majesty's 99th Regiment of the Line, had been lodged now for weeks of his precious leave in the two rooms, not large but comfortable, with a view along Elizabeth Street and a little balcony (even a woman to "do"), furnished with enthusiasm and sentimentality—and kindness, he kept telling himself—by Miss Edwina Plum.

Miss Edwina was an identity in Sydney Town, everyone knew—and suffered at times—Miss Edwina's energy and generosity and confusion and forgetfulness as she "took under her wing," as she put it, the sick children and frightened girls and lonely old women and invalid men, rearranging them all in her hearty haphazard way within the great melting pot of her charitable activities.

" . . . so we must just keep praying, young man, and hoping, chins UP, you know . . . Fate could not be so cruel . . . But if you must return to your duties, why, just leave a letter for your bride-to-be, a loving letter, of course, and I'll keep it under my wing. And I'll keep your dear Miss Stanton there, too, when she comes, which she will, rest assured . . ."

And she whacked the new curtains with her all-purpose umbrella, wheezing in the fine film of dust. "An absolute bargain in chintz, you know . . ."

And the days droned by and the sun glared and Mark sweated in his heavy uniform and the two rooms became lonely as death. And he grew more impatient and anxious and scared. Yes, scared, confound it. The long waiting had done that; these dreary, don't-know-what's-happened weeks of waiting.

Four years. Four years since he and Ella Rose had kissed and made their promises under her father's beech tree. "When she's of age, young man," her father had said grudgingly, oh, very grudgingly, so he must go out and save and send for her, and she would wait, loving him more every day.

Seventeen, Ella Rose had been. A child really. And now, suddenly, it seemed nothing more than a reckless little episode, reckless surely when he had nothing but a subaltern's pay and little hope of promotion and a life of outposts and cheap lodgings.

Miss Edwina clutched Ambrose in her arm as she swept along the deck, while Mark calmly greeted Ella Rose.

And none of it changed one whit these four years; years of scrimping for these rooms and the tiny bit put by . . . though he'd written home deliberately jaunty letters . . .

For she'd been a spoiled child, his Ella Rose, oh, yes she had, with a doting father and a fine country house and . . . Had she really loved him those four years ago? And even if she had loved him then . . . now? When the ship did come, would she even be aboard? Might there not be just a letter saying she had made a mistake four years ago, she could not face the journey; she could not face life with him—she had fallen in love with someone else.

But even worse than all this was another possibility. She had come only because she had made him a promise and would honor that promise and make the best of it. And this was the one thing he would never be able to stand. Not from Ella Rose, whom he loved too much to make unhappy simply because she had made him a hasty promise under a beech tree.

Well, he could reject her gallant sacrifice—he grew angry because he was miserable—better a brief bitterness than a lifetime of it. His leave was not yet up, but he would go back to his detachment tonight, leaving the letter and money for her passage home, and Miss Edwina to look after her until she sailed.

So he wrote his lies tersely, to the point, feeling in the summer heat suddenly cold . . . he was in debt . . . shamefully in debt . . . he must have his freedom . . . he was just as shamefully involved with another woman . . . go home, Ella Rose, go home . . . He sent the letter to Miss Plum by a street urchin, packed, and locked the door on his dreams.

Kate Sweeney shivered in the night air, pulled her shawl closer about her, and huddled under the canvas. The last roisterers had gone from the streets and now the only sound was the lap of water against the rocks, the only sensation the gentle lolling of the rowboat beneath her. But she was still afraid of these waterfront alleys. And afraid of being found. But even all this; the running away, the hiding, the fear of tomorrow was not as bad, no, as the fear of leaving town with the Chaunceys. Sam Chauncey had offered for her before and she had waited, in dread, but the mistress would have none of it. Even if Kate wished to leave her house, Mrs. Cornell would say she would never allow her to go as servant to Chauncey and his sons and that browbeaten Meg Chauncey, no matter how many splendid acres they held.

But now the mistress had not returned from England as expected, and the Chaunceys had come and offered again, and the master had agreed. With her few possessions she had been delivered to the Chauncey camp, and tomorrow the Chauncey drays pulled off to the north. So tonight she had run away. Perhaps they had already missed her. Most certainly, when they could not find her in the morning, they would go to the master and she would be hunted as a runaway felon.

Why did he hate her so much—the master? Because she was Irish? Because she was a convict girl? Yes. But it was more than that, she knew. The mistress had been kind to her, the mistress had held firm as a rock against his hardness.

She had been so kind to the convict servant who had come to the Cornell house from the factory at Parramatta after that long and terrible journey out, sick, shivering, afraid.

"Give Kate a good breakfast, cook; she looks peaked. Seat her close to the fire, it's a bitter night." And a new dress and a clean bed, and when she had the pneumonia the mistress's own doctor. And, as if that was not enough, the breathtaking, splendid thing Mrs. Cornell had promised . . . if she went to Ireland. And if she could find the child, Maureen. And if—oh, they both knew all the ifs.

"Holy Mary, mother o' God," she prayed, "let the ship come now, tonight, bringing m' mistress to help me, for I don't know whit to do. They'll find me for sure in this town and there's naught else but the bush, where I'll starve, or the deep water out there. But don't let me even think o' that."

And huddled in the little boat, she clung desperately to the thought of her letter, the letter to her mistress, written so laboriously on a stolen sheet of the master's notepaper, using his quill and his ink, and entrusted most faithfully to Miss Plum.

She could not tell even Miss Plum her trouble, for Miss Plum could never go against the master in his rights or against authority where a convict girl was concerned. But sooner or later Miss Plum would give Mrs. Cornell the letter and the mistress would know the truth. Mrs. Cornell would know that she, Kate Sweeney, no matter what lies others told, had not asked to go with the Chaunceys. Mrs. Cornell would know that Kate Sweeney, felon or freewoman, would never choose to leave her mistress.

She lay still, lulled by the gentle rocking of the little boat. Weary of thought, of tears, of longings, weary of the fear of tomorrow, at last she slept.

Tomah pulled the weatherbeaten hat farther down over his grandfather's face to shade the old eyes from the sun. How many more days could Bundala sit here propped against the wall staring out over the water, watching for the ship of the white man, the ship that would take them home?

He was very old now was Bundala, and sick, but he refused to go with Miss Plum or with anyone else who tried to help him. He would cling to Tomah and moan in that awful, eerie way he had until finally they left him alone for a stupid, stubborn, old native man.

But Bundala was not stupid or really stubborn; he was simply waiting for the keeping of a promise, a dream to come true: Cap'n Gorton had promised to take them south to Port Phillip, back to Bundala's people.

Long ago Bundala, as a young man, had come here on a whaling vessel and had wandered far and had had many adventures, and never wanted to go south again. But now that he was old he thought of nothing else. He had even talked of making the journey overland, though he could not see clearly and did not know the way, and Tomah had been very small.

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A Sprig of Mistletoe

By **ZOA SHERBURNE**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS



Nancy admitted to herself she was in love, but why should this bring so much sadness instead of the happiness she expected . . . a heart-warming short story.

NANCY wasn't asleep. Her eyes were closed, but sleep was a million miles away, and she could hear every word her mother and the doctor were saying as they moved from her doorway to the hall, where Dr. Tracy said his goodbyes.

"Now, don't worry," he said briskly. "It's just a bad cold and probably an acute case of growing up. There's not a thing in the world to worry about."

"Oh isn't there?" thought Nancy bitterly. "Isn't there?"

"But she's so listless," Nancy's mother was saying unhappily. "She won't even eat, Dr. Tracy. And when I try to talk to her, her eyes fill with tears."

"Adolescence," the doctor said shortly. "She's probably had a spat with her boyfriend and thinks the world has come to an end."

Nancy turned her head wearily on the pillow. It ought to be funny, except that nothing was funny any more. A large tear rolled down her cheek and slid on to the pillow.

"I know it isn't anything like that," she could hear her mother saying. "Nancy's 16, but she's awfully young for her age. She's always been so wrapped up in her music. You see, she composes, too. Spends two to three hours a day at the piano. Or, at least, she did . . ."

"Until just lately?"

"Until just about a week ago—just a few days before she took this dreadful cold. There was all that trouble about Alice Haggerty—a young woman that Nancy baby-sits for occasionally. All of a sudden she didn't want to look at the piano."

From the muffled sound of their voices, Nancy knew that Dr. Tracy and her mother had moved on.

Nancy slipped quietly from her bed and crossed to the window that overlooked Holly Street. Even in winter, with the trees bare and the flower-boxes empty, it was a pretty street. The neat row of houses were just different enough so that they didn't look as if they'd been arranged from blueprints.

At the far end of the block was the Haggerty house, and Nancy noticed that the blinds were still drawn, just as if no one had cared enough to open them. They had been drawn on that dreadful afternoon (was it really only a week ago?) when they had taken Alice to the hospital.

Nancy put her hands to her throat because there seemed to be a hard lump there that made breathing difficult. "It's all my fault," she thought. "It's all my fault."

A week ago . . . Friday afternoon. Polio. It was a dread word, but people just didn't get polio nowadays.

Why, Nancy herself had gone with Alice when the twins had had their polio shots. Afterwards they had stopped at Sheppard's store and had had a soda, sitting on the high stools at the counter, each of them balancing a fat twin on a knee.

"I declare, Alice," Mr. Sheppard had said, sliding the sodas across the counter but keeping them carefully out of reach of Debby and Donna's busy fists, "you don't look a day older than Nancy here. No one would believe you're the mother of these great galumphing infants!"

Alice grinned at the compliment, but afterwards she said: "There are young hags as well as old hags."

Nancy giggled. "Young-hag Haggerty," she said. "That's what I'll call you."

Not that she thought that Alice looked like a hag. It was just that she was always too busy or too tired to do much about her hair or her nails.

Alice had married young. She had been just 18 and barely through high school, and Jeff was only a couple of years older. She had soon discovered that taking care of a house and two babies and a husband who worked uneven shifts wasn't altogether a bed of roses. Even though the house was new and modern and the twins as cute as buttons and the husband resembled a teenager's prayer.

Nancy told herself the reason she liked baby-sitting for the Haggertys was because they were so young and handsome and beautifully in love. That's what she told herself. And it was certainly true that, even before the twins, she and Alice had formed a close friendship. Alice was terribly interested in Nancy's music, and Jeff was interested, too.

When the twins were almost three weeks old, Alice called Nancy one evening and confided that she was ready to flip her wig from being tied down for such a long time and that if Nancy would sit with Doubletrouble, Jeff had promised to take her to a movie.

After that it became a regular thing. She baby-sat the twins whenever Jeff and Alice wanted to go out, and afterwards Jeff walked Nancy home. It was only a block, but he said he didn't want to be responsible for her being out on the streets after dark.

"Someone might steal you," he teased once. "I would myself if I didn't have three girls of my own."

It was funny how she came to look forward to those walks with Jeff. He made her feel grown up and wise, because they talked about serious things mostly. About her music and the state of the world and what sort of future there would be for little folks like Doubletrouble.

One night, when he was feeling especially gay, he took Nancy's hand and swung it in his as they walked. "It's a long time since I held hands with such a pretty girl," he said.

And then one night when he wasn't feeling gay at all he warned her about getting married too young. His tone was so grim that Nancy had to protest.

"But, Jeff, that's just silly! A lot of young marriages do work out. Look at you and Alice."

"Yes. Look at me and Alice," he said in such a queer, flat voice that Nancy's heart gave a funny little thump. "We have a five-room house complete with loan and furniture and instalments. We have Doubletrouble and a lot of doctors' bills. Do you have any idea what it costs to see the dentist—or ride buses . . .?"

"Of course," Nancy said primly. "We learn all about that sort of thing in social studies."

"Well, hurrah for social studies!" Jeff said. "Maybe I should have stuck to that during my one year at the university."

Jeff hardly ever mentioned the university. Alice said it was a sore subject with him because he had wanted to become an engineer and now he never would be anything but a mechanic.

"Oh, well," the young wife had assured Nancy, "I guess we can't have everything. We were in love and we wanted to get married right away and so we did."

But standing before the darkened house and looking into Jeff's unhappy young face, Nancy was for the first time angry with Alice.

"I guess you're right, Jeff," she managed to say. "But we don't have to worry about my marrying young. Who'd have me?"

Jeff reached over and touched her cheek with a gentle palm. "Look, Nancy—you do have a mirror in your room, don't you? Take a really good look into it some time. You'll find a girl with eyes big enough to swim in and a little heart-shaped face and a mouth like a flower. It won't be any time at all before the fellows will be swarming around in droves."

After that, things were never quite the same. Where once Nancy had been delighted with the way Alice could shrug off small upsets—like the twins spilling things on the rugs—accidentally getting one of Jeff's dark socks in the whitewash—forgetting to put the baking-powder in a cake—now Nancy found herself feeling critical and impatient. After all, Alice was a grown woman, wasn't she?

The next time Nancy stayed with the twins and Jeff walked home with her he was silent all the way to her front porch and then just said abruptly, "Look, Nancy—I wish you'd forget all that stuff I was spouting the other night. I had a toothache and my outlook was a little sour." He gave her a boyish grin and her heart melted.

"I hope you went to the dentist," she said, just as if she were years older and wiser than he.

Jeff just shrugged. "Who needs a dentist? The tooth finally stopped aching all by itself."

Nancy had gone into the house immeasurably saddened. Hating to visit the dentist was one thing, but not being able to afford it . . .

A few days later she found the courage to ask Alice if Jeff had had that tooth pulled, and Alice looked completely astonished.

"What tooth?" she asked. "Jeff? He never said anything to me about having a toothache." She yanked a bib around Donna's fat neck and tied it expertly. "Maybe that's why he's been so crabby the last couple of weeks."

And she had gone on feeding her babies and chatting cheerfully with Nancy as if Jeff's toothache were a matter of no consequence.

If Alice really loved Jeff, Nancy told herself hotly, she couldn't be so casual about his suffering. If she really loved him . . .

"The way I do," Nancy finished the thought in her own heart and she was so startled and ashamed that it was hard to stammer goodbye to Alice and escape.

For a week after that Nancy had been dreamy and preoccupied. "Your music sounds so sad nowadays," her mother complained once. "Are you unhappy, Nancy?"

"No, of course I'm not unhappy," Nancy lied, and promptly burst into tears.

"Have you and Alice quarrelled?" her mother asked at last, and Nancy's hands crashed down on the keys as she turned her head angrily.

"Of course not. No one quarrels with Alice. She just goes blithely on her way, making wisecracks, seeing only what she wants to see."

She stopped in to see Alice late in the afternoon and explained her long absence by saying that she had been working hard on a new composition.

Alice nodded and grinned. "I know. We heard you banging away on it last night. Jeff and I just dumped the twins in their buggy and went for a long walk. Jeff said you sounded like Cole Porter."

Nancy's smile felt stiff. "Thanks," she said. "But now I have to run along, Alice. I'd like to wash my hair and get my nails done before dinner."

Alice gave an exaggerated sigh. "Who wouldn't! You'd better enjoy it while you can, infant. Once you're married, those days are gone for ever."

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Nancy tenderly looked at Jeff as they stood beneath the gay little sprig of mistletoe.



"Oh, those selfish men!"—Victoria

LETTERS FROM QUEEN VICTORIA TO HER NEWLY WED DAUGHTER

Continued from page 21

which it gave me such pleasure to plait (not "plat" as you wrote it), for your darling baby.

Victoria is noticeably less free with advice during her daughter's second pregnancy, but in December, 1859, she warned concerning the ailing Prussian King:

Upon no account supposing the poor King were to die before a certain event must you see him after death. It might do a great deal of harm.

Following a visit in the same month to England of the Princess and her husband:

This dear visit was one of totally unalloyed pleasure; we, for the first time since your marriage could see and enjoy you both a *notre aise* (at our ease), and can see how truly happy you are—and what a dear, excellent husband you have!

That kind, warm heart, and those very high principles, that strict sense of honor and of duty—and that great moral worth, which we know how to value and which dear Fritz possesses in so great a degree are what we value far, far above his position!

I perhaps undervalue position too much; but to me the person, the character is everything!

I flatter myself that Fritz will not complain of me as a mother-in-law, and does not think me indiscreet? I have so strong a feeling on that subject.

On the other hand nothing could be kinder or more full of confidence than dear Fritz's conduct toward us. (Of your affection and confidence I do not speak, but you know how I feel it.)

Referring to the coming birth, the Princess had written, "I shall arrange my rooms and make all final preparations the same as a person does that is going to have her head cut off."

To this the Queen of England answered:

The arrangements you mention are, indeed, too horrid—and quite like an execution. Oh! if those selfish men—who are the cause of all one's misery, only knew what their poor slaves go through!

What suffering—what humiliation to the delicate feelings of a poor woman, above all a young one—especially with those nasty doctors.

Do you know, I think some of the chapters of Dr. Coombe's book so horribly disgusting upon all those subjects, that I closed it with indignation and shut it up in the press. Especially the horrors about the peculiarly indelicate nursing (which is far worse than all the other parts).

News of the birth of a baby girl to the Princess Royal found the Queen writing:

Thousand, thousand good wishes, blessings, and congratulations!

I am delighted it is a little girl, for they are such much more amusing children.

Then a week later:

How delightful the accounts are of you and baby! Many, many thanks for that charming, tasteful locket and the dear hair. The dear little nameless lady seems to have a great quantity of it!

How I long to see her! I assure you I am not at all offended at hearing her called like me, for though I am no admirer of babies generally—there are exceptions (besides all of you were always thought like me when born)—for instance, Alice and Beatrice were very pretty from the very first—yourself also—rather so—Arthur, too—though not so much as the two first named.

Bertie and Leopold—too frightful. Little girls are always prettier and nicer (Arthur, alone, making an exception).

The baby was christened Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte, but was to be known as Charlotte. This resulted in Victoria writing:

You are right in supposing I don't

admire the name of Charlotte . . . speaking of our little darling's names—let me only say that I do hope one of your daughters, if you have any more, will be called Victoria . . .

But in April she is giving the Princess Royal this motherly advice—and then goes on about "Bertie" again:

I see I run on about myself—and I don't speak of you and your dear darling baby.

How sorry I am you should find her looking ill; but, dearest, you are only a beginner and will find that babies and little children always are dreadfully pulled down and in a day—and then get up as quickly again, so don't be alarmed about it.

As regards Bertie—I quite agree with you, dear child—that he must be a little more tender and affectionate in his manner—if he is to expect it from me—and take a little more interest in what interests us if he is to be at all pleasant in the house.

And now, dearest child, I must say, without I hope making you angry—that you did not quite set about making matters better, for you kept telling me all his most stupid and silly remarks (said as he too often does—without thinking—partly to tease you and partly to give vent to his temper), and enraged me, low and wretched as I was—greatly.

If one wishes to pour oil and not to "keep the kettle boiling" one must not repeat everything another who irritates has said—else it of course makes matters much worse.

He left on Monday. His voice made me so nervous I could hardly bear it.

In the summer of 1861 the Princess with Prince Fritz and their children had visited England for several weeks, and after their return to Germany, Victoria resumed the correspondence:

On arriving here from Frogmore, I found your and dearest Fritz's letters, which were a delightful surprise, and touched and pleased us both much.

But I feel each time happier in seeing what an excellent, devoted, loving husband, one so full of everything that is right and good—so honorable and so sweet tempered—you have; I know how you value him and love him (it would be better, dear, to show a little less demonstratively before others) and I am sure you will ever try to make him happy.

Never, dear, in little things show yourself teasing or wilful—don't so often speak of how different everything is here—don't contradict too much, though you do much less—for it lessens the good you can do in great things where your opinion, counsel, and advice is of such use and has done so much good.

On 13th December, 1861, the Prince Consort's private secretary sent a telegram to Prince Frederick William advising him to prepare the Princess Royal for the news of her father's death.

The Prince died on the following evening and the news reached Berlin on Sunday, December 15.

The Princess Royal, who was expecting her third child, had been forbidden to travel to England.

This selection from the letters between the Queen and her daughter may be fittingly closed with a moving but dignified fragment from the letter which each wrote under the impact of overwhelming grief on December 16.

The Princess wrote:

Why has the earth not swallowed me up? To be separated from you at this moment is a torture which I can not describe.

On the same day her mother began her letter.

My darling Angel's child—Our Firstborn. God's will be done.

Continued from page 25

"They wouldn't have to be," Nancy couldn't resist pointing out. "People can always find time to do the things they really want to do."

She carried the memory of Alice's hurt expression home with her but she told herself she wasn't sorry. That evening, as she played the piano, she couldn't help feeling that Jeff was out there in the darkness, listening.

She managed to avoid Alice by being busy the following week and she didn't see Jeff at all. Then Alice telephoned and asked if there was anything wrong.

"What could be wrong?" Nancy asked evenly.

"I don't know—but all of a sudden I have the feeling you don't like me any more," Alice answered candidly.

"No," Nancy replied. "It's just that I've been so busy lately . . ."

And then just the week before Christmas Jeff stopped on his way home from work to ask if she could watch Double-trouble while he took Alice on a shopping trip.

"Alice has been tied down so long, she's ready to scream, and I thought if you could watch the kids for a couple of hours, she could get a breather. The stores are open till nine."

"I'll come up around six," Nancy told him gravely. "How's your tooth, Jeff?"

He looked bewildered for a moment and then grinned. "Imagine your remembering that! You're a funny little kid," he said. "I'll tell Santa to fill your stocking to the top."

FOR some obscure reason Nancy didn't try to explain even to herself why it was important to look her best that evening. "A heart-shape face and a mouth like a flower . . . Wait as long as you can, honey," He had said that, too.

"I will wait," she vowed silently. "I will wait forever—for you, Jeff."

Her feet had wings as she flew the block to the Haggerty house. Jeff was shaving, so Alice opened the door. Alice wasn't having one of her pretty days. She was cross, tired, and too thin. "I wish Jeff had told me about this a little in advance," she said. "I haven't finished the twins' supper, and by the time I get dressed . . ."

Nancy smiled. "I'll finish the twins. You run along and get prettier up." She was rewarded by the relief in the older girl's eyes.

When Jeff came out to the kitchen to see if he could help, the babies were clean and powdered and sleepy, and Nancy let him hold them while she fixed their bottles.

He helped her tuck them in and adjusted the blankets and the shades and, when they had closed the door on the sudden quiet, he led her toward the living-room. In the archway he stopped her with his hand on her arm and pointed upward.

A gay little sprig of mistletoe had been tacked up over the doorway, but as Jeff leaned to kiss her, Nancy put both hands quickly against his chest.

His eyes were surprised and then hurt. She couldn't bear it that he should be hurt. Her hands slipped up past his shoulders, and her fingers curled about his neck, drawing his head down. The kiss was everything that all the books and poems and dreams had promised. Then Jeff

jerked his head back and was staring at her.

"Nancy . . ." he said. "I'm sorry, honey. I thought you were a kid."

He put his palm against her cheek—just as she'd seen him reach out to touch one of the twins, and he tried to grin, but it wasn't quite successful. "I thought you were a kid," he said again.

She caught his hand and held it fiercely against her cheek, turning her head so he couldn't see the tears in her eyes. "I was."

She whispered the words so softly that she wasn't sure he heard them. And then she brushed past him into the front room and started picking up newspapers and emptying ash-trays.

She could scarcely bear to look at Alice when she whirled into the room a little later to call a cheery goodbye, and after they had gone Nancy just sat in the big chair by the window and waited for them to come home again. Afterwards she knew that those hours marked her growing up—her coming of age. She would never feel really young again.

Jeff walked home with her, and she knew he was ill at ease. She could almost feel his groping for something casual to say, something that would restore the old relationship.

At the foot of the steps she stopped and looked up at him. "Goodnight, Jeff," she said. "Please—please don't be too sorry about anything. It wasn't your fault."

She felt a little better after that—but not much.

She had been at the piano on Friday when the ambulance shrieked along the street, but when her mother announced in a shocked little voice that someone must be ill at the Haggertys', Nancy's hands were stilled on the keyboard. As still as if they were frozen there. She knew—even before her mother turned from the window.

"Why, it's Alice! They're taking Alice away in the ambulance. Did you know that she was ill, Nancy?"

She knew that she ought to offer help, but during that week, with Jeff's aunt looking after the children and all the neighbors rallying to support the stricken household, Nancy held herself aloof.

Alice would die, just as Nancy had passionately wished for her to die. Oh, never consciously, perhaps, but the feeling had been there all the same, ever since she had admitted to herself that she loved Jeff. And now it had happened, and she would never forgive herself.

Nancy heard a step in the hallway and slipped back into bed before her mother entered the room. Her mother brought a glass of fruit juice, and Nancy tried to drink it even though it was an effort to swallow.

"You have a visitor," her mother said then. "Jeff's come to see you."

"Oh no!" Nancy spoke quickly. "Oh no! He might catch my cold."

"Hey, now! That isn't very sociable, is it?" Jeff asked from the doorway. "I had strict orders from Alice not to dare come to the hospital tonight without checking on you. She's been worrying herself sick since she heard that you were laid up with a virus or something."

"It's just a cold," Nancy said. "It doesn't amount to anything."

Jeff shrugged. "Well, if you say so. You know Alice, though. Once she gets an idea, she worries it like a dog with a bone."

"Is she really getting along all right, Jeff?" Nancy's mother interrupted.

"Yes, she is. We're lucky," He said the words so simply that Nancy wanted to cry.

"I hope your insurance takes care of most of the hospital bills," Nancy's mother went on gently. "They mount up so alarmingly."

"The insurance took care of the biggest part," Jeff said it as if it really didn't matter much. "But the really important thing is that Alice will be O.K. again."

"Yes. That's the really important thing," Nancy's mother agreed.

"I guess I'd better get going," he said, his eyes coming back to Nancy's face. "I'll tell Alice you're O.K."

"Tell her I'll see her soon," Nancy said. "Tell her I've missed her."

JEFF grinned. "You don't have to say it as if she'd been gone for months, honey."

"Yes, I know," Nancy said. He didn't even realize that he'd called her "honey." It was just that Jeff was such an affectionate young man. He really liked people. He probably didn't even remember that he'd kissed her under the mistletoe.

When Jeff had gone, Nancy's mother moved about the room, adjusting blinds, and Nancy had the awful feeling that her mother knew. When she came over to take Nancy's temperature, she spoke mildly.

"Growing up isn't all that difficult, Nancy. It's just that some girls grow up gradually and some grow up overnight. The gradual transition is easier."

She couldn't have expected a reply, since Nancy had the thermometer in her mouth. "Take falling in love, I remember that I fell hopelessly in love with my singing teacher when I was a girl. I'm glad to think now that he knew I was in love with him and was a little flattered by it. Anyway, it didn't hurt me. I suffered a little—emotional growing pains."

Nancy spoke carefully around the thermometer. "And you forgot him?"

Her mother shook her head. "No. I didn't forget him, Nancy. It's been—oh, 25 years, but I still remember him. I never see a red carnation that I don't think of him. He gave me a red carnation once—just leaned over and tucked it in my hair. You remember things like that all your life."

Nancy nodded, and her throat hurt a little with remembering the way Jeff had touched her cheek.

Whenever she saw a sprig of mistletoe, she would remember Jeff—just as she would remember him when she walked through the frosty nights or played the haunting little melody that had grown from her secret love. She could hear the melody quite clearly now—singing along her veins and echoing in her heart.

Her mother's hand was on her forehead, brushing the hair back softly.

"Better now?" she whispered.

"Yes, much better," Nancy said bravely. "I think I'll put on my robe and try to practise a little. There's a melody running through my head."

"It will keep," her mother said. "You won't forget it."

Nancy spoke without opening her eyes. "No," she said. "I won't forget it. Ever . . ."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 30, 1964

A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER

The day they had looked forward to was contrary to expectations — a short story

By MARY DRAKE

WHEN Susan came home that Saturday and saw the letter waiting for her she tossed it on the bed unopened. The writing and postmark told her it was from Martha, and she guessed it was one of her regular scrawls, giving news of her mother and father. It was such a glorious sunny day that it could wait till she changed into something cool after the office.

But now she had read it, and the sun had gone from the day. She sat for a long time, first in stubborn rebellion, and then with a stunned sense of resignation, wondering how she was going to tell David.

She had to admit she rarely saw her parents these days. She was the youngest of the family, and the others were already married when she left school, eager for the grown-up world.

There had been constant clashes as she fought every inch of the way for her freedom, and it had been heaven to get away from it all, to her own independence in the city.

Periodically she visited them, and once she had taken David, but it had been a miserable failure. They had treated him as a stranger, rather than the man she was going to marry. And her mother had asked in an audible whisper why she couldn't find someone who had a decent, regular job, instead of just "strumming away at a piano!"

David, who had won scholarships, and had already given his own recitals! She could see by his face that he had heard the remark, and she felt hot with shame.

She tried to make allowances for them, remembering their age, her father's failing sight, and the pain her mother suffered with her arthritic hands, but after that her visits home became more rare.

She eased her conscience by writing every week, and it was Martha who always answered their letters for them. Martha, who was housekeeper and companion, her services paid for jointly by the family.

And now she had dropped this bombshell only a week before Christmas! She was going to her married son's for the holidays, so please could Miss Susan come home and look after the folks?

"It's not fair," Susan told herself mutinously. "Why should it have to be me?"

Yet, in her heart she knew she was the obvious one, the others having their husbands and children. But she and David had planned such a wonderful Christmas. Four long days of being together! She would forget about the office, and they would swim, and surf, and laze in the sun.

David had promised to have a holiday from his piano, too, except perhaps for when she made a brief visit home with gifts for her parents. She had already sent them a hamper containing a turkey, a cake, a bottle of her father's favorite wine, and many small luxuries, so that Martha could make it a festive occasion for them.

She and David dined together that night, as was their custom on Saturdays. When he called for her she noticed a large square box on the back seat of the car. "I got some baubles for our little Christmas tree," he told her. "You'd never get near those counters in your lunch hour."

She had resolved to keep her bad news till the end of the evening, but that was too much for her. There in the car, before they even reached their destination, she told him of Martha's letter.

After that, of course, it was a dismal evening. He agreed that she had to go, as she knew he would, and promised to drive her up when she left the office on Christmas Eve.

"Perhaps I could come up one day?" he suggested. Then, remembering his last visit, added bleakly, "or maybe I'd better not. But I'll phone you every morning."

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"Oh David, four whole days! What on earth will you do with yourself?" she asked miserably.

"Practise like mad, I suppose," he said with forced cheerfulness. "When I'm not thinking of you."

Before they set forth on Thursday night they exchanged gifts, with mutual promises not to open them till the morning. He dropped her at her parents' gate without coming in, and she walked blindly up the drive, carrying her small case.

They greeted her with more than usual warmth, and she found herself resolving to do all she could to make the visit a happy one. Her father clung to her for a moment, his hand tracing the outlines of her face. Why, he's almost blind, she thought with shocked surprise.

When she went up to her old room that night, her mother followed her. She sat on the foot of the bed watching her take her few belongings from the case.

"You've changed, Susan," she said approvingly. "You've grown up. You used to be such a wild young thing."

"Not really wild, Mother," she said gently. "Just impatient to grow up."

"How's that young man David? I read something about him in the paper the other day."

"He's very well. He'll be ringing me in the morning."

"It's a wonder you didn't ask him to come up for the day, being Christmas," Susan looked up quickly. "Oh, Mother, I would have. But last time you were so—"

"Yes, I remember. But it was one of my bad days." She stood up. "When he phones in the morning tell him he'll be very welcome for lunch."

But Susan was already flying downstairs to the telephone. She dialled his number with trembling fingers. "David, did I wake you?" she asked breathlessly. "They want you to come up tomorrow. Yes, everything's all right, really all right. Bring your presents and we can open them together. Oh, darling, come early, won't you?"

The next morning as soon as breakfast was over she began to prepare the dinner. When she heard David's car in the drive she ran down the steps to greet him. "You must have got up at the crack of dawn," she said, giving him a quick hug before leading him to her parents, who welcomed him cordially.

After that the morning flew. David had carried in three parcels from the car. His unopened gift from Susan,

"You must have got up at the crack of dawn," Susan said as she smilingly greeted David.

a large box of chocolates tied with red ribbon for her mother (he must have gone out to get them last night, Susan thought fondly), and the box of baubles that he had bought last week for their Christmas tree.

"I didn't know whether you had a tree here or not, darling. If you haven't we might be able to cut one."

The idea delighted her. As soon as the turkey was in the oven they climbed the hill at the back, and found the perfect branch of a pine tree. They carried it back and stood it near the window, wedged into an old copper urn.

While they decorated it Susan made frequent trips to the kitchen to attend to her first Christmas dinner. The house was filled with the aromatic odor of pine-needles and the warm, fragrant smell of seasoned turkey.

Dinner was an unqualified success, and with their coffee and brandy they opened their presents. Susan had knitted for David a sleeveless pullover of fine Shetland wool, which he insisted on wearing in spite of the soaring temperature. And his gift for her was a fitted cosmetic case, which she resolved to keep for her honeymoon.

She was unprepared when her mother made a suggestion. "If you have no other plans, David, perhaps you'd like to stay the night? There's always a bed made up, and we can find you some pyjamas."

Trying to hide his surprise and pleasure he thanked her warmly. His eyes met Susan's, which were shining with delight.

That night after supper he played for them, slipping from melodious waltzes to well-loved old ballads, and then to carols which they all knew and sang.

Susan looked at David, his dark head bent, his hands performing miracles on the yellow keys, and then at her parents sitting close together. They were watching him, too, and she smiled at them with a new warm understanding.

She felt her eyes misting with happiness. Why, it was a wonderful Christmas! A day she'd always remember.

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CHITTY-CHITTY-BANG-BANG

mudguards swivelled outwards so they stuck out like wings, and the smaller back mudguards did the same.

The wings locked into position with a click, and at the same time the big radiator grille slid open and the big propeller of the cooling fan slid slowly forward until it was sticking right out in front of the car.

Then, on the dashboard beside another little lever a green light started to blink "PULL DOWN," and Commander Pott rather nervously reached over and pulled the lever slowly down.

The wings slowly tilted, and as Commander Pott, at last realising what was happening, pressed the accelerator, the big green car tilted up her shining green and silver nose and took off, soaring over the car in front and roaring away above the line of stationary cars!

Mimsie, Jeremy, and Jemima clutched the armrests, with their eyes and mouths wide open.

Commander Pott sat gripping the wheel and chuckling. "I told you so. She's got ideas of her own. She's a magical car. Don't worry!"

Flies out to sea

He turned the wheel, and the bonnet of the car followed what he did, so he steered for the tall tower of Canterbury Cathedral in the distance.

Over the cathedral, jackdaws and pigeons flew out of their niches squawking and cooing, and then the Potts flew on over the trees and woods, taking a short cut.

They flew along the coast looking for a place to land beside the sea, but everywhere all the beaches were crowded. Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's passengers became more gloomy, longing for a bathe and to unpack the picnic basket.

Then the steering wheel twisted in Commander Pott's hands, and the car turned itself away from the coast straight out to sea!

Commander Pott began to look rather nervous. Then a green light started to blink on the dashboard saying "PUSH UP." Gently Commander Pott pushed the little silver lever beside the light, and Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang began to lose height.

"Look where we're heading," shouted Commander Pott. "Those are the Goodwin Sands — acres of beautiful sand uncovered during a low tide."

Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang planed down gently toward the big expanse of sand lapped by soft blue ripples and ringed by masts and half-sunken hulls of wrecks, ran a little way, and came to a gentle stop.

The light on the dashboard showed again: "PUSH UP," and as Commander Pott pushed up the little silver lever the front and back wings slowly folded back to become mudguards and the big propeller out front slipped back between the two halves of the radiator.

The whole family let out a big "Pouff!" of relief and excitement and piled out on to the sand. And after they had swum about like dolphins and clambered about among the wrecks and sat down and ate every single hard-boiled egg, every single cold sausage, and every strawberry jam puff, they all lay down in the sunshine and, quite exhausted by all the excitements, they dozed off.

But . . . but . . . but . . .

No one noticed that the tide was creeping over the sands, and that the wheels of Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang were slowly, inch by inch, being submerged by the incoming tide.

To make matters worse, one of those summer mists came creeping across the sea, hiding the family

and their magical car from the Goodwin Lightship, which lies anchored some way to the south of the Goodwins.

It was Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang who first woke to the danger.

As the sea reached the bottom of her radiator she let out a loud warning hiss from the hot metal.

The family opened dozy eyes and then at once they were on their feet. Commander Pott jumped in and pressed the starter, and with a quick "CHITTY! CHITTY! BANG! BANG!" of relief the big car, spinning her wheels in the wet sand, crept up out of the incoming tide to the dry centre of the rapidly diminishing sandbank.

But as Jeremy and Jemima piled in, already the first little waves had run up the sands after them.

"Now we've had it," said Commander Pott. "Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang can never hope to get up enough speed to take off through the water."

Suddenly a violet light on the dashboard began to blink urgently, showing the words TURN THE KNOB, and Commander Pott turned the knob and from underneath the car came a soft grinding of cogwheels . . .

All four wheels turned and flattened out like a hovercraft. Being an inventor, Commander Pott realised what this meant, and as the waves came level with the floor boards he pressed the accelerator and all four wheels began to turn like propellers, and Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang began to move through the water like a motor-boat.

Commander Pott had a tricky time dodging the masts of the sunken wrecks with the fog whirling round them.

Then Jeremy said: "Daddy, aren't we pointing the wrong way? There's the hoot of the lightship foghorn coming from down on the right. Oughtn't we to sail toward her and then on past her toward Dover?"

"Well," said Commander Pott. "It's a holiday, Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's going like smoke, the Channel's flat as a millpond, we've plenty of petrol, the fog will lift the farther we get from land, it can't be more than 25 miles to the other side of the Channel, and as it's only five o'clock now . . ." he paused for breath . . . "I thought it would fun to go to France."

"But we haven't any passports," said Mimsie. "What about the language?" said Jemima. "What about francs?" said Jeremy.

Commander Pott said firmly: "That's no way to treat adventures. Never say No to adventures, otherwise you'll lead a very dull life."



The Potts all let out a "Pouff" of relief and patted the car as it came to rest on the sand.



"We'll get provisional passports from the British Consul at Calais; we've got pounds we can change into francs, and it we can't make ourselves understood in French we'll find someone who talks English."

"But," he went on, "we've got to keep our eyes and ears open in this fog — the Channel's always crowded with shipping."

As he spoke they heard the beat of the engines of a big ship, Commander Pott sounded the klaxon: GA-GOOO-GA, GA-GOOO-GA! and back out of the fog came a series of huge MOOS, like the noise a vast iron cow might make. And through the fog, coming straight at them, were the bows of a gigantic white liner.

She missed them by a cat's whisker and they had just a glimpse of passengers staring down astonished before the huge stern dissappeared into the fog leaving them tossing in the wake.

Suddenly the fog cleared and they were out in the sunshine with the big white cliffs of France on the horizon. But a strong current was drifting them southward, and every time Commander Pott tried to turn toward Calais, Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang had to slow down because her wheels couldn't go round like propellers and change direction at the same time.

The water got shallower and shallower until they touched the shingle. The wheels clicked into the straight forward position and they bumped up the beach, glad to be on dry land but stuck at the bottom of giant cliffs — and the tide coming in.

Commander Pott said: "Well, it's no good standing here . . . we must search the cliffs and hope we'll find a little bay where we can shelter above the high-water mark."

Jeremy finds a cave

It was Jeremy, running on ahead, who found it — the big mouth of a cave! They all climbed into Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang so that her tremendous lights could show the way, and the car turned and moved slowly into the cave, her exhaust echoing back from the walls.

They came to a corner, and round it, and the cave became bigger, with marks of pickaxes on the walls showing humans had been at work.

Suddenly Commander Pott called "Look out!" and there was a great squeaking whoosh and hundreds and hundreds of bats swept over their heads.

But the children weren't particularly frightened by them, because they knew they were only harmless little mice with wings.

So they just watched the bats pour over their heads, and Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang came to the next corner. Now they were deep inside the cliff, and they wondered what they would find round the next bend.

What they found was such a shock that even Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's exhaust gave a kind of trembly gulp. And Commander Pott himself, who was a very brave man, gave quite a jump in the driving seat and at once put on the brakes and switched off the engine.

For there, in front of them, a skeleton — a human skeleton — hung down from the ceiling and swayed softly in the small breeze that blew down the cave!

To be concluded

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 30, 1964

The Forbidden Garden

Mrs. Marrable's usual methodical plans are irretrievably upset — concluding our serial

By URSULA CURTISS

BELEIVED by everyone to be a wealthy widow, MRS. ELSA MARRABLE in reality had just sufficient means to get by. However, when her nephew GEORGE MARRABLE and his wife, JULIA, had suggested she employ a companion, she had evolved a comfortable way of life, by promising to invest the woman's life savings and then murdering her. This had been done a number of times, and the victims had been buried beneath a row of poplar trees.

To avoid suspicion, Mrs. Marrable is forced to rent a cottage on her property to HARRIET CREWE, who has with her a young nephew, JAMES, and who is a friend of George and Julia's. Harriet finds Mrs. Marrable eccentric, but is concerned for her safety when the latest companion, MRS. ALICE DIMMOCK, appears to be acting suspiciously. Mrs. Marrable's guilty conscience leads her to suspect Mrs. Dimmock's actions also, and when a delayed letter for the previous companion, MISS TINSLEY, arrives signed by someone called AL, she realises the possibility of its being Mrs. Dimmock's signature. She is also worried when expensive gifts of food sent by George and Julia upset her and yet don't affect Mrs. Dimmock. Another thing that greatly disturbs her is the reappearance of CHLOE, a large collie dog which had belonged to ROSE HULL, one of her former companions and victims.

After a fierce storm, George cannot raise his aunt, so rings Harriet and asks her to go over and see how the women are faring. Mrs. Marrable, suffering from an attack of sinus, tells her Mrs. Dimmock has been slightly hurt by a falling branch.

That night Mrs. Marrable attacks her companion with a log, and next morning puts her still unconscious body into the car and drives it to a drainage canal, where she releases the brake and crashes the car into it. Hurrying home, she removes all trace of any violence and takes two sleeping pills. **NOW READ ON:**

SHORTLY before two o'clock, when the wind was beginning to ebb, a telephone repair man replaced Mrs. Marrable's branch-snapped line. In order to test the phone and report in, he used the doorbell and then his knuckles, but woke no response from the fawn adobe house. A few minutes later he knocked at the door of the cottage across the road.

Harriet said, "Of course. Right here," and showed him the telephone. When he had left, after one of the low-toned monosyllabic reports peculiar to his trade, she stood frowning at the fire. Odd, surely, that Mrs. Dimmock hadn't returned? She had driven off in mid-morning, when the wind was at its peak, and it was now afternoon. Odder still that Mrs. Marrable did not answer her door, sinus or no sinus; for all she knew the summons might have been Mrs. Dimmock, locked out without her key.

James, coaxed unwillingly into his room, had promptly fallen asleep on his bed. Harriet covered him lightly and found herself tiptoeing around the cottage; his lungs needed all the rest they could get. She finally sat down to read and could not.

Mrs. Dimmock had drugged or poisoned Mrs. Marrable and absconded with her valuables. Or — forget Mrs. Dimmock for the moment — Mrs. Marrable had suffered a fall or other accident, and was alone and helpless. Or — now forget Mrs. Marrable — Mrs. Dimmock, not fully recovered from her blow on the head, had gone berserk with the car.

In any case, indeed in every case, Harriet would be blamed by all hands. Hugh Darrah knew that she had seen Mrs. Dimmock drive off alone, and George and Julia knew that by this time she could not help being familiar with the routine comings and goings of the two women across the road. They would all say incredulously, "But didn't it occur to you that there must be something wrong? Especially after the repair man told you he couldn't get any answer at the house?"

Harriet was faintly cheered by the sudden realisation that Hugh Darrah could not be very worried about his godmother in spite of the storm; if he were, he would certainly have called long before this to ask if she were back. But Mrs. Marrable, whom George and Julia treated like the very best glass . . . Gloomily, at a quarter to three, Harriet called George.

To page 30

Hugh ran from the fire with Harriet in his arms.



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Perfect for Christmas giving!

She had to wait a long minute or two; from the rich purr in the background George was evidently talking to a client. He kept his fruity tone when he came on to say, "This is George Marrable," but at Harriet's rather dry, "This is Harriet Crewe," he turned perfunctory. "Oh, look here, could I call you back?"

He could not, reflected Harriet a trifle grimly, have it both ways. She said, "It's about your aunt," and told him.

"I'll drive out right away. I think perhaps I'd better stop at the house for Julia, just in case—"

Surely that was not a note of solemn jubilation in George's voice?

Julia was evidently not at home, because when the long blue car arrived a scant half-hour later George was alone. He said to Harriet, "You don't mind coming over with me?"

Harriet minded very much. "I don't think your aunt—"

"If something has happened," interrupted George ponderously, "she might want a woman with her."

It seemed highly unlikely to Harriet—Mrs. Marrable looked like the last person in the world to want alien hands on her buttons or shoelaces—but in spite of his ramrod demeanor there was something almost beseeching about George. James was still asleep. Harriet said, "I'll get my coat," and seconds later was out in the cold, grey afternoon.

THE wind had died, except for an occasional agitation of branches, and the mountains were so completely wiped out by the overcast that the Valley might have been one vast plain.

"We had nothing like this," said George disapprovingly, and rang Mrs. Marrable's doorbell.

The silence inside was everything that Harriet had dreaded—and then all at once it wasn't silence but an odd shuffling sound. The door whisked inward without warning, and there stood Mrs. Marrable.

Harriet felt instantly like a fool, because Mrs. Marrable had obviously been roused from sleep and was not grateful for it. The creases of a pillow were evident on her face, and her prominent eyelids, more brown than fallow, hung over her turtle-green eyes. Harriet would have escaped with a fast, unobtrusive mumble if it had not been for George's deterring hand on her sleeve, his concerned "Aunt Elsa! We were worried—are you all right?"

"I was until I was awakened," said Mrs. Marrable pettishly. "Really, Mrs. Dimmock ought not to go off and leave me like this when I do manage to get a little relief. It must be almost lunch-time, and she seems to have made no—"

Something, perhaps the total listening silence of the house, seemed to penetrate then. She said sharply, glancing from Harriet to George, "What time is it?"

"Almost three-thirty," said George in an apologetic tone.

"Three-thirty!" Mrs. Marrable sat down abruptly and passed a confused hand over her forehead; even in the dim room her rings flashed. "Then where is Mrs. Dimmock? I told her quite distinctly that she was not to go out. She wanted to drive into the village to get something for my sinus, and she seemed completely recovered—"

"Recovered from what?" inquired George. It was a measure of the peculiar strain

Continued from page 29

in him that he had interrupted Mrs. Marrable.

Severely, she recounted her companion's accident with the tree branch. "But I told her it was better to be on the safe side. To please her I took two pills she gave me, and it seems to me that they must have been very strong indeed because I fell asleep almost at once—in fact, I barely heard the doorbell just now. It appears," said Mrs. Marrable in a cold and level voice, "that she was simply creating an opportunity to leave the house. I cannot understand it."

Harriet thought she understood it very well; carefully—because in spite of everything she was reluctant to involve Hugh Darrah—she did not meet Mrs. Marrable's eye.

George said it instead, with a kind of professional delicacy. "You don't think that perhaps before we—do anything, you ought to take a look around, Aunt Elsa? To see if anything is . . . missing?"

Mrs. Marrable looked startled. She said with conviction, "Mrs. Dimmock is not a thief, George. Whatever reason she may have had for leaving the house against my wishes, she is completely honest. That I would swear to."

"But as you say, she wasn't herself. For instance, she wouldn't normally have given you such strong sleeping stuff, would she?"

"Well," said Mrs. Marrable slowly. "I'm quite sure you're wrong, but still . . ."

She rose and left the room, and Harriet, uncertain as to how to make the most tactful departure, stood up and buttoned her coat. George said imploringly, "Wait, will you, until we see what this is all about?"

After an amazed look at him, Harriet stayed.

It was only a minute or two before Mrs. Marrable returned. Her worry had obviously increased, and the glance she gave George was sharp. "As I thought, the only thing missing is the prescription for my sinus. Call the druggist, George, and see if she's been there."

Mrs. Dimmock had not.

George said humbly, "She may have had an accident. The roads—" and Mrs. Marrable cut him off tersely. "We would have heard. The village is a very small place, and quite apart from my car she has identification with her, of course. If she had been hurt, or taken to a hospital . . . Unpleasant as it seems I think we shall have to call the police."

Harriet, who had hardly spoken since her arrival, said something which did not seem to have occurred to either of them. "You don't suppose that with all that wind and dust, and being slightly dizzy, she might have taken a wrong turning and gone off the road somewhere?"

Unexpectedly, a lamp beside Mrs. Marrable sprang on. Its shade was tilted slightly toward Harriet, so that she had to narrow her eyes for a moment. Mrs. Marrable said frowningly, "But there are houses, people about—"

"Not on the road to the drain," said Harriet. She made it very quiet and conversational, because Mrs. Marrable looked all at once as though she had received a physical blow. "Fishermen go there sometimes, I think, but it's usually deserted. It would be in weather like this."

Mrs. Marrable closed her eyes and opened them again on Harriet's face. "How clever of you to think of it," she said slowly. "I must have

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

driven past that turning a thousand times, and I had completely forgotten it. George, I think you had better call the police right away."

But George did not call immediately, because the doorbell rang, electrifying them all. Mrs. Marrable jumped nimbly to her feet. "Here she is!" she said triumphantly, and went to the door.

Hugh Darrah stood against the near-dark, and even before he said a word it was clear that he was not a bearer of good tidings. His somehow unfamiliar gaze did not seem to see anyone in the room but Mrs. Marrable. "I'm afraid I've come with bad news . . ."

He had heard it, he said, in the village. A boy who had just left the grocery store in a buzz of excitement was being clustered about in the small parking lot, and Darrah, catching the first breathless phrases, had stopped to listen.

The boy, who had been sternly forbidden the vicinity of the drain, had nevertheless skipped school to go there in search of a slingshot he thought he had dropped on

drank the brandy with her eyes closed.

Darrah said quietly when she had set down the empty glass, "I'm sorry. Maybe I should have left this to the sheriff's office, but I thought—"

"It's quite all right," said Mrs. Marrable. "It's just—I can't seem to take it in. We were going on a trip tomorrow, everything is packed . . . When did it all happen? Does anyone know?"

DARRAH shook his head. "The boy apparently went to the drain after his lunch hour, but of course it might have been hours before that. Do you know when she left the house?"

Harriet, speaking for the first time since his arrival, said that Mrs. Dimmock had driven by the cottage at about ten-thirty. "I was surprised, because I knew she'd had a blow on the head—"

The affair of the branch was gone into.

"But she seemed to be driving normally?" asked Mrs. Marrable, frowning. "She wasn't weaving about?"

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 201.—GIRL'S SUNFROCK

Cool sunfrock is available cut out to make in shades of blue, green, red, and pink white-striped cotton. Bias supplied. Sizes 2 and 4 years. £1/3/8; 6 years, £1/5/8. Postage and dispatch 1/- extra.

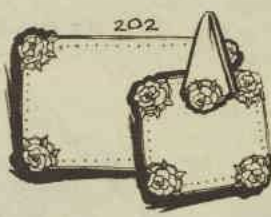
No. 202.—LUNCHEON SET

Attractive luncheon set is available cut out to embroider on pink, lemon, blue, and green linen. Centre mats, 3/9 ea.; place mats, 3/6 ea.; serviettes, 2/- ea. Postage 6d. per item.

No. 203.—TENNIS FROCK

Smart tennis frock is available cut out to make in white dry-drip poplin. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust. £1/16/6; 36 and 38 in. bust. £1/18/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4000, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



the bank earlier in the week. And there in the water—gestures began—was this big black car and a woman half in and half out of the open door. He had taken a queasy closer look; she was a white-haired woman, and she was dead.

Darrah had driven to the spot the boy described. The sheriff's car and police ambulance had left, but a deputy was supervising the removal of the car from the water. According to him, the contents of the woman's purse identified her as Mrs. Alice Dimmock. It looked as though she had tried to turn the heavy car on the narrow road and lost her head when the bank began to crumble . . .

Harriet watched Darrah, flinching for him; Darrah watched Mrs. Marrable, who sat very still in her chair, meeting the shock with a steadiness undone by the rigidly clenched hands in her lap. She seemed to be waiting for something, perhaps only power over her voice. It was totally unlike itself when it came, frightened, almost supplicating. "George, if you would get me some brandy . . ."

No one moved or spoke until George came back with a glass that tended to tremble in his hand. Mrs. Marrable

friend." And there he sat, allowing funeral arrangements to be vouched for by a stranger. Harriet stood up, chilled and incredulous, and said to no one, "I must get back to James."

"James knows you're here," said Darrah briefly.

"Yes, but still—"

"Wait," said George surprisingly, and looked down at Mrs. Marrable. "Aunt Elsa, you won't stay here tonight alone, will you? Come back with me. I know Julia would want—"

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Marrable with a small return of her imperious manner, "that just at the moment I do not feel up to being bundled about, George. I'm sure Julia would be most kind, but I am better here. In any case, the authorities will probably have questions, and of course I want to give what help I can. I feel responsible in a way."

George demurred vigorously. Mrs. Marrable said quietly, "Mrs. Dimmock was—as far as I can see—on an errand on my behalf. Whether I knew about it or not, the fact remains. If I hadn't complained so about my sinus . . . Anyway I won't feel that I'm alone," said Mrs.

"Yes, I know," Harriet said.

"How old is he?" It was the kind of question James was best at, demanding consideration. "Ninety-two," said Harriet, turning on the oven.

"He is not," said James, unoffended. "Is he married?" "I don't think so. Why?" "I just wondered," said James, and there was no doubt about it; he was arch.

After dinner, seeing James to bed, Harriet thought quite simply: If that dog comes tonight I cannot bear it, but the night was innocent of sound. At ten o'clock she could not help glancing across and up the road. As precisely as usual, the lights of Mrs. Marrable's house winked out one by one.

Harriet, going to bed herself, wondered uneasily about the next few days. Mrs. Marrable was without a car, at least temporarily, and in the Valley a car was an absolute necessity. But surely George and Julia would take care of that?

She slept exhaustedly, not hearing the tick of nails on glass, not rousing to see the tremendous shape reared quizzically against her bedroom window.

Long after George and Hugh Darrah had left, Mrs. Marrable stared at the face of Harriet Crewe in her mind. Polite—and secret, the clear gaze dropping instantly away when Mrs. Marrable said, "I cannot understand it." The innocent voice in which she had suggested the drain, the steady gaze she had directed at Mrs. Marrable when asked if Mrs. Dimmock had been driving abnormally. Why had she said nothing—because she wasn't quite sure of murder in this case, in spite of what Mrs. Dimmock had told her? Or because she was biding her time?

In that case, she must not be allowed much time to bide.

Mrs. Marrable had genuinely needed her brandy; the presence of the boy at the drain had been a severe shock. She had thought herself protected by the storm and the isolation of the place, whereas it was only by a freak of chance that he had not come looking for his slingshot hours earlier. She might so easily have glanced up and seen him there, staring, then running fleetly away . . .

IN tones at once important and deferential, George informed the sheriff's office of his aunt's connection with Mrs. Dimmock and the circumstances which had presumably led up to the accident. His aunt, he said, was elderly, and considerably upset, but anything she could do to help the authorities—

The sheriff's office was equally obliging. There would be an inquest, a jury impanelled under a justice of the peace at the county hospital where the dead woman had been brought, but a complaint had already been entered by a man who, with his horse, had been nearly run down by a white-haired woman driving a black car erratically along the road that morning. They would be in touch with Mrs. Marrable.

When George and Hugh Darrah had gone, Mrs. Marrable rose and, with a dexterity which would have astounded everyone who knew her, mixed herself an almost mortally dry martini. Half an hour later she was preparing her dinner—not the artful meal she was accustomed to but scraps from the refrigerator—when Julia telephoned.

"Aunt Elsa, I'm so terribly

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BLISSFUL SUMMER HOLIDAY

FAMILY PICNIC at Tidal River, camping and lodge area in Wilson's Promontory National Park, Victoria. Close to ocean and river beaches, set in the natural bushland of the 102,000-acre park, the area is a summer holiday haven. A store and cafe cater for up to 5000 campers at Christmastime and never fewer than 1000 at a time from mid-December to mid-February. The area has many wildflowers, not perhaps as varied, but as profuse as in the better-known Grampians.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture by Mr. J. O. Colahan, Beaumaris, Vic.

sorry. It must all have been the most dreadful shock. How are you feeling now?"

"I was lying down," said Julia again. "The thing is, we understand that you want to be there just now, but would you like us to send Toni out tonight?"

"We could put her in a cab right away and she'd be there in half an hour."

Toni was the Marrable maid, an Isleta Pueblo Indian excellently trained by Julia, whose sardonic dark stare Mrs. Marrable did not care for at all. Nevertheless, she thought coldly, this was what Mrs. Dimmock had so nearly succeeded in destroying: the solicitude, the invitations, the costly gifts—the very things for which Mrs. Marrable woke and slept and plotted.

She declined Toni, briskly. "By the way, your Mr. Darrah was very kind today."

Julia gave a small nonchalant laugh. "Hardly mine, but I'm glad."

Mrs. Marrable continued to gaze hoodedly at the drawn curtains. "George didn't look himself at all. I take it the El Paso transaction was successful?"

"The . . . ? Oh, Oh yes, of course," Julia was airy.

"It's just that he doesn't care very much for flying, you know . . ."

BUT for a second, thought Mrs. Marrable, hanging up moments later, Julia had been perfectly blank—so either the transaction had not been successful or George had given her another reason for his trip. A sick friend—in short, a woman?

It didn't matter for the moment; it might be useful later. Mrs. Marrable finished her dinner, washed up with her usual distaste for such tasks, and retired to the living-room. The silence of the house, the lack of even so much as a faucet drip did not bother her. It was, after all, something she herself had contrived.

The girl across the road would be watching on this particular night; might even, for all Mrs. Marrable knew, be out there in the dark, waiting to see if a tell-tale light flashed on in the dead woman's room. The thought turned her face hard with anger, but she sat grimly on until the appointed time.

At ten o'clock, walking briskly past the dark gaping mouth of Mrs. Dimmock's room and the closed closet door behind which the wheelchair gleamed, Mrs. Marrable went to bed, and to sleep.

A leafy snuffling noise brushing against the windless night woke her.

The dog Chloe, wooed by Harriet Crewe, encouraged to sniff about and dig, perhaps to find a scent where Mrs. Dimmock's feet had left the footrest of the wheelchair and stood briefly on the ground.

Mrs. Marrable knew in a distant way that that was irrational, but a sudden access of rage sent her out of bed and over to the window, where she tapped on the glass. With no light or reflection to conceal it, a white-blazed face turned questioningly out of the night. The tail was still drooping. "Wait, Chloe," called Mrs. Marrable, and put on her slippers and made her way into the kitchen.

She closed the door leading into the dining-room, so that from the road, and the cottage, no light showed. Rapidly, having to control the furious shaking of her hands, she took left-over lamb gravy from the refrigerator, scraped it into a pan to warm, added

Continued from page 30

tempting scraps from the platter. Into that, after a trip to her bathroom and another tap on the window to make sure that the dog was still waiting, she poured the contents of twelve sleeping capsules. The shells she would flush down the toilet later.

Only a tempting aroma of lamb came from the warm bowl she set down on the patio outside her bedroom

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

Armijo nodded. "We found the bottle in her purse." He consulted notes. "Did she vomit?"

Mrs. Marrable was carefully not affronted. "If she did, she didn't tell me."

"Then she seemed her usual self when she went out?"

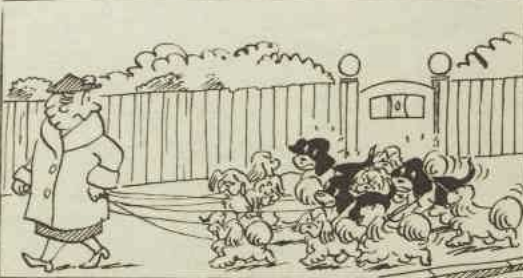
"I have no idea, as I didn't see her go out. Indeed, I had asked her not to," said

ner had changed. He was not amused or even casual, he was unmistakably hopeful. Was he worried about his affair with Julia, thinking that Harriet might say something to George? Containedly savage, Harriet dug for her key. "Fairly soon, it all depends on my brother, James . . ."

"But your rent here is up in about a week, isn't it?"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

door. "Come, Chloe, there's a good girl," crooned Mrs. Marrable, and Chloe, who had never experienced anything but stones and shouts from this quarter, came slowly and warily forward.

The narrow silky head drooped as the scent of meat steamed up into the cold air. The dog took a hungry lap and then another, and raised its head uneasily to watch Mrs. Marrable.

Such fare, she thought, was usually stolen. She said sardonically to the liquid gaze, "There you go, Chloe," and closed the door and returned to the kitchen to wash and dry the pot and dispose of the capsule shells. Even granted its enormous weight, the dog had a killing dose. It would not drop in its tracks, it would wander off somewhere to die, and no question would be raised because there was a definite Valley attitude toward dogs; if they lived, well and good. If they did not, get another one; there was always someone with a litter of unwanted puppies.

Briskly, competently, she turned off kitchen and hall lights, returned to her bedroom, and opened the door on to the patio.

The bowl looked as full as when she had last seen it, and Chloe was gone.

The sheriff had been called to Placitas on a robbery-and-assault case, and it was a deputy, Armijo, who called upon Mrs. Marrable with routine questions the next day.

The immediate cause of Mrs. Dimmock's death had been drowning, but the autopsy had shown internal bleeding from a prior head wound. Had Mrs. Marrable any information concerning that?

Mrs. Marrable explained about the branch. "I can't think why she went out in such a wind—oh, the note for the mailman, and I must remove that now—but she came in quite dizzy, and said that a branch had struck her. Of course I insisted that she lie down with some cracked ice in a towel, and she did."

Mrs. Marrable touched her pouched right eye. "I don't know whether you suffer from sinus, Officer, but I was dreadfully ill with it that morning. I shouldn't have mentioned it to Mrs. Dimmock in her state, but she kept insisting that she was quite all right and wanted to go down to the drugstore to have a prescription of mine refilled."

Mrs. Marrable, and frowned. "I did think it odd that she gave me two pills instead of one, but I trusted her so . . ."

She paused, gazing down the arched and glimmering room. "It's hard to ask, Officer, but—did she suffer?"

Armijo pocketed his notes with finality. "I don't think so. In her state—she got another blow from the steering wheel when the car went in—she couldn't have felt much. The doctor says people react differently to concussion, but it's a wonder she got as far as she did."

Mrs. Marrable gave him a hooded and very sincere gaze. "Mrs. Dimmock was an extremely strong woman," she said.

Harriet, still caught in a queer depression, fell back on an old remedy: she took James to the zoo. But when they got back, Hugh Darrah's

"Unless Mrs. Marrable cares to renew it. But there must be apartments," said Harriet with a cool and furtive smile, "and I might settle down here for quite a while. It's such a lovely climate, James . . ."

There was still a faint bitter smell of smoke in the cottage. James had not been in his room for more than a minute before he came stalking out. "Who's been in my room?"

"Nobody," said Harriet.

"Oh, yes, they have," said James menacingly, "Come and see."

The jury headed by Justice of the Peace Maurice Vigil had no difficulty in arriving at a decision in the case of Mrs. Alice Dimmock. Her erratic driving had already been reported by the indignant palomino owner, the turn-off to the drain was a notoriously misleading one,

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

car was in the drive, and Darrah himself was emerging from the back of the cottage.

He had stopped by, he said, and finding no one home had been about to leave when he smelled smoke from inside. "It's okay," he said hastily at Harriet's expression. "Just your fireplace—the damper was closed. Luckily your back door wasn't locked."

"But the fire was out!" "Not quite," said Darrah, apologetic but firm. "It couldn't have done any damage anyway, except you'd have found the place full of smoke. I hope you don't mind my bursting in, but I thought the worst."

Harriet said automatically, "Of course not, I'm very grateful," but she felt a little bewildered.

"All the Darrahs were volunteer firemen," said Darrah, laughing at her from behind a perfectly formal face and voice. "I suppose you'll be leaving soon?"

and the newspapers were still chronicling highway fatalities directly or indirectly attributable to the storm. Mrs. Dimmock became another statistic.

With the bottle recovered from the sodden black calf bag, Mrs. Marrable prudently had her nose-drop prescription refilled and was therefore able to attend the simple funeral. George came, lending a good deal of dignity to the affair. Mrs. Marrable was surprised to see Hugh Darrah there until she remembered that Mrs. Dimmock had bandaged his wrist for him. It was still a rather quixotic gesture and he himself seemed a little embarrassed by it.

Mrs. Marrable bore her bereavement well—she had yet to cry at a funeral—but her face was solemn and curiously old, and when George drove her back to the house she had a small glass of whisky and water. George had a large one, over which

he observed perfunctorily, "Poor woman . . . dreadful thing."

"These roads are shocking," said Mrs. Marrable. "I almost have a notion to write to the newspaper, but the newspapers are shocking, too. How was the El Paso trip, George?"

The barb went in so smoothly and cleanly that George felt it late, and swallowed part of his drink the wrong way. When he had recovered, scarlet and damp-eyed, he said too heartily, "Oh, fine. Fine."

"Something is wrong," observed Mrs. Marrable pleasantly. "What is it, George? You aren't having trouble with Julia, are you?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that," said George at once; he looked genuinely horrified. "It's—the fact is that one of my closest friends—wonderful fellow—is in a very bad jam. He's—well, it's too complicated to go into, but in order to retain his equity in a very promising development he's got to dig up twenty-five thousand dollars right away."

George's fingers clenched, apparently without his knowing it. "I'd like to help him out, but I'm a bit over-extended myself and it just occurred to me that maybe . . ."

Mrs. Marrable's world spun about her, but she managed to remark steadily, "Your friend seems to be buying land in a very high market."

"Well, yes, but—" Desperation lent George an inventiveness which Mrs. Marrable could almost have admired. It was Arizona land, he said, and although his friend had perhaps been naive he stood forth with the twenty-five thousand—to triple his money at least. There was a creek, said George, almost babbling now in his anxiety, and not far away there was a . . . a country club, which should assure—

Mrs. Marrable had stopped listening; she could only stare at the starkest of ironies. They had both been playing the

over a third of what she owned. Pen poised, she could not resist asking maliciously, "Let me see, who shall I make this out to?"

George's brow furrowed as though in thought, and cleared magically. "Better make it out to me," he said. "This fellow has a bit of trouble with his income tax, and I'll handle the whole thing for him."

Julia's people had money, didn't they—or was that part of the fraud? But Julia herself had jewels, furs, a car, a maid—as a plumber had his tools, reflected Mrs. Marrable savagely, writing the cheque. She handed it to George with a smile just sardonic enough to make him worry. "How loyal you are to your friends, George."

George mumbled something about college. He said at the door, "What are you going to do, Aunt Elsa?"

The tic under Mrs. Marrable's eye flashed into sudden maddening life. "Do? About what?"

"A companion. You're not used to living alone," said George concernedly, "and besides, it isn't wise. You read terrible things in the newspapers."

"So you do," said Mrs. Marrable thoughtfully.

Alone, she did what was for her a singular thing: she had a second whisky and water and thought again of Harriet Crewe.

Suppose she went to George with the tale Mrs. Dimmock had told her? George would not ask for money then, he would demand it.

It always came back to Harriet Crewe—and Mrs. Marrable realised suddenly why the girl was keeping silent. She was afraid for herself and James; she was putting in her last week at the cottage as though she suspected nothing, and then, when she was a safe distance away, she would go to the police.

Or so she thought.

Mrs. Marrable had her lunch, a careless and untidy sandwich Mrs. Dimmock would have scorned to serve, and lay down for her nap. Her eye had quieted, but the unaccustomed whisky had given her a dull headache. After a while she got up, put on her gardening clothes and an old coat, and went outside.

Juan was busy with a rake, restoring the lawn to order after the storm, and James stood just across the road, watching him as though he were pulling rabbits out of hats. For a time Mrs. Marrable ignored the small unmoving figure, but even when she spoke to Juan about the wheelbarrow she could feel the round relentless stare on her back. When she could stand it no longer she walked down to the edge of the lawn and called as civilly as she could, "Won't you catch cold standing there, James?"

James called back that he had his jacket on, as he did.

Mrs. Marrable picked up a few errant twigs and marched off with them to Juan's pile; behind her, James watched

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

"We can be only part-time parents"

● On Christmas Day, Nita, a lively, lovable 11-year-old, and the childless couple who first took her into their home and their hearts on a Christmas Day six years ago will again share all the fun of the festive season. In the New Year, however, Nita, a State Ward, will return to a home for girls.

NITA is not her name, but it will serve as well as any, for this is the story of a little girl who has been deprived of the shelter of her home, the devotion and care of her parents.

These are the birthright of every child, but Nita has not known them since she was four years old.

This is the little girl who came forcibly into our lives one Christmas, the little girl we love but to whom we have no claim.

Let me begin on the day I met Nita! It is now six years ago, but it is as fresh and clear in my mind as yesterday.

Although my husband and I are childless, we are devoted to children, and as there are two Homes for Girls in our district, one a Catholic Orphanage, the other a Protestant Home, we had been in the habit of attending open days and fetes at these institutions.

Not long after the smaller home was opened I visited it one afternoon at the invitation of the matron.

Meeting the children I was immediately drawn to a thin, grey-eyed child of about five years.

Her face was quite expressionless, except that the grey eyes were watchful. She stood, one bare, blunt-toed foot resting across the arch of the other, and her tiny hands (on which the fingernails were chewed right down to the cuticle) tightly clasped a very dilapidated teddy-bear.

She looked — as she was — abandoned! This was Nita when first I found her. I did not talk to her or see her separately that day, but the picture stayed with me, seeming to haunt me through successive weeks.

I discussed her with my husband, and as Christmas drew near we decided to apply to the appropriate authorities to take two of the children from this home for the holiday period.

I learned the little girl's name and asked that she might be one of the two children to come into our home.

The application was accepted and so Nita crept a little into our hearts.

She was wary, as only the very young are wary. Watchful, rarely speaking for the first two or three days, she then gradually made small, shy overtures to my husband

and his gentle responses won a little confidence from the timid child.

On the third day a fall which knocked a little skin from a knee brought tears and some petting.

The next moment two thin little arms were round my neck, the defences were down, and Nita was whispering: "You do smell nice." I have never received a more welcome compliment.

Such a quaint beginning! But that was the seal of approval, because from that moment, six years ago, Nita has grown closer and more affectionate with each visit.

The following holidays we took Nita again, alone this time. The long summer holidays, with the joy and excitement of Christmas and a big tree and a party were sheer delight to Nita, and from this time we really felt she was part of our lives.

I had sewed for long hours and she was well and prettily dressed. Her hair was regularly shampooed and brushed and softly set, and as it grew the natural curl made its appearance. She put on weight rapidly. The rosy bloom of good health gave her a piquant prettiness. She became radiant.

We were, all three, very happy.

Heartbreaking

At the end of the holidays, when it was time to return to the home, there were heartbreaking tears, but the promise of visits and letters and of more holidays tided us over.

The pattern was set. From that first holiday Nita has spent every holiday with us.

Our house became home to her. Each visit brought us all a little closer to one another. We became a family, almost!

Nita had begun to show her affection in many ways, and she would say at odd moments, "Oh, I wish you could be my mummy!"

It isn't easy to repudiate a little child, especially when you love her.

It was not easy to say, "But you have a mummy, Nita. It's just that she can't have you with her at present."

But I could never, never do or say anything which might undermine a parent's place in the heart of a child.

I don't have to say it now, because Nita is 11 and much more definite in her attitudes.

Now Nita says, "I am your little girl. You are much nicer than a mummy. I don't want a mother any more. I only want you and uncle . . ." And no amount of tactful explanations will change her.

What can one do?

We can't adopt Nita (though we would gladly do so) because her mother placed her in the home voluntarily.

Then abandoned her! Without maintenance, love, letters, or greetings of any kind. Her only direction when she placed Nita in the home was that she was not under any circumstances to be adopted.

In recent years the State Welfare Department has made a grant for the maintenance of children in Nita's position and they have become State Wards, so it would be possible to have her boarded out in our home through the department.

But she would remain a State Ward and there would be no added security.

It would still be possible for one or other of her parents to claim Nita, provided they could convince the authorities of their fitness and their ability to provide a suitable home for her.

Indeed it frequently happens that as soon as a child is old enough to earn, and too old for welfare direction, unscrupulous parents impose on these children.

We have learned that Nita is the daughter of separated, possibly divorced, parents, either one of whom might reclaim her.

They know where Nita is, but neither the committee of the home in which she resides nor the Welfare Department has been able to trace the parents.

Nita is too young to know now how she might feel about the re-appearance of long-lost parents at the romantic age of, say, 16.

Although I see that she is always well dressed and that she lacks nothing which we can supply, and although we would be happy and proud to provide for her future, we must stand aside and wait for the whim of parents who abandoned a lonely child, or take her and live in fear that she might be claimed at any time.

● This family story of happiness and heartbreak is told by a reader, the "part-time mother," who wishes to be anonymous.

This we would do, but we must put Nita first, for truly this might break her heart,

Could we, who love her, be a party to the possibility that she might be again uprooted and removed to the home of a parent whom she cannot remember?

Our love and care

Or should we be holiday parents until she is old enough to be beyond the jurisdiction of her real parents, even if they were proved legally worthy?

Nita has her own room, specially decorated and furnished, in our house, and a bank account is growing steadily in her name for her future.

She will always have our love and care as lavishly as we can give it.

We know that she is very well cared for in the excellent home and that she is happy and well and we see her frequently.

We know, too, that when she leaves school and the home she will come to us if the parents have made no claim by then.

What lies ahead for Nita — and for us — we can't yet tell, but on Christmas Day we'll certainly be as happy as any family you could find.

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MOIRA." — This attractive frock is available in denim-finished cotton in charcoal, aqua, pink, blue, and purple.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/1/6. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/3/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/5/6. Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 30. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on week-days. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Dec. 23

ARIES

MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blue, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

TAURUS

APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, hoops.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, jade.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, red.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, navy.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

VIRGO

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ If you avoid mental stress on the 23rd there's no reason why you should not enjoy a happy festive season, although the unlooked-for could happen on Christmas Day. Just be careful.

★ You should enjoy a peaceful and happy Christmas and New Year provided you handle matters of friendship, love, and romance with circumspection. There could be emotional upset, 23rd.

★ The moon is badly afflicted on Christmas Day, but if you are alert to sudden upsets you could enjoy a happy holiday season. There could be stress on marriage and partnership.

★ How much you enjoy this gala Christmas time depends largely on how careful you are in travelling and out of doors. But you're naturally protective — and this trait will help.

★ Good influences are doing their best to mitigate an underlying disturbing aspect. The festive season could prove happy and memorable if you keep an eye open and stay within limits.

★ Strong protective stars are helping to make this Christmas gay and happy. Virgos, in particular, are advised not to take undue risks, but to be their cool analytic selves at all times.

LIBRA

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, green, rose.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

SCORPIO

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 18
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

PISCES

FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, grey, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Normally when moon is in Libra — as on Christmas Day — there is concord in the heavens. However, she gets into hot water, so have your celebration with just a little caution.

★ Nothing prevents most Scorpios from enjoying a happy Christmas if they are prepared to go quietly. There could still be elements of unreliability, and the 23rd could be adverse home-wise.

★ Advice is still to shelve important new projects. Enjoy your exuberant self over the festive season, but keep a firm hold on the reins. The 23rd is adverse for personal affairs.

★ You might have difficulty in relaxing during Christmas, perhaps vague worries could beset you. If you use your innate caution, a happy celebration is yours.

★ Friends could play a vital role in your Yuletide rejoicings. Good influences are at work to protect, but it wouldn't hurt to keep an eye on all to do with marriage matters.

★ Don't be surprised at sudden changes in your public life and status. If you read the 23rd as adverse and proceed prudently, a happy Christmas could be yours. Don't be too trusting.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



● Ornamental pot

COLLECTORS' CORNER

OUR expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

WE would appreciate some information on the ornamental pot which has been in our family for some years. There is a strainer in the spout and an inscription on the base reads "Simpson, Hall, Miller and Co., Quadruple Plate." — John L. Burrett, Blaxland, N.S.W.

Your jug is an American britannia metal tea jug, elec-

troplated; the body enriched with enamel decoration, painted with flowers in color. Makers, Simpson, Hall, Miller and Co., about 1875-85.

I WOULD like to know the age and origin of my figurines. They are six and a half inches high, have no markings, and their heads are attached to pendulums, and nod when touched. They are



● Figurines

a pair, but not identical. — Mrs. Irene Bee, Newport, Vic.

Figurines with nodding heads of this type are frequently referred to as biscuit Dresden. They were fashionable ornaments from about 1880 up to about 1900. Owing to the absence of factory marks, they are difficult to attribute to a particular factory.

WOULD you tell me the age and origin of my silver teapot, please? It is octagonal in shape and on alternate sides it has engraved on it the head of King Charles the First. There do not seem to be any markings on the base. — Mrs. W. S. Bigg, Armidale, N.S.W.

As you say that the teapot does not bear any markings on the base, I also assume that you have examined the sides (especially near the upper portion of the handle) and the cover for any traces of marks. If the pot is completely devoid of marks, I can only suggest that the unusual teapot is electroplate (not silver). The small octagonal teapot with swan neck spout was first used on the Continent and in England during the first quarter of the 18th century. However, owing to the elaborate scroll handle which the pot bears, together with the "rod" support to the spout, I suspect that the pot was made during the mid-Victorian era.

The engraved sections bearing portraits of Charles I (1625-49) presents an enigma—due to the fact that tea was not brewed in England until 1657 (Commonwealth period). The earliest dated English silver teapot so far discovered bears the London hallmark for 1670 (Charles II). If I could inspect the pot I could solve its history immediately.

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and waited. Her head began to pound under this solemn surveillance, and at the end of five minutes she found it intolerable.

She returned to the grass verge. "Would you like to come over and help, James?" "I can't," shouted James, and this was obviously what he had been standing there waiting to deliver. "I'm not allowed to."

A hammer of pain descended behind Mrs. Marrable's right ear. "But surely—just in the yard?"

James had approached to the very road edge. He said with a kind of angry triumph, "I can't come over at all, because she says so."

"Then of course you mustn't," said Mrs. Marrable composedly, but her hands clenched until it seemed that the knuckles would burst through the skin. "Perhaps another time, James."

SHE walked back into the house, not hearing something Juan asked her, unaware of anything except the cold clarity of Harriet Crewe's refusal to allow James anywhere near her. Something even more marked happened a few minutes later.

Mrs. Marrable drank a very small whisky, because she was chilled through, and stood at the dining-room window staring quite detachedly at James. While she watched, Harriet Crewe emerged from the cottage, walked along the road, said something to James, evidently to forbid his accompanying her, and crossed to Juan.

They talked for perhaps two or three minutes, Juan glancing guardedly over his shoulder at the house now and then. Harriet Crewe was plainly asking him questions, because from time to time he nodded his dark braided head.

If there had been a tiny doubt in Mrs. Marrable's mind, a very faint reluctance to embark so soon again on an imperative course of action, it was now removed.

When Harriet Crewe and James had disappeared, Mrs. Marrable walked briskly out to Juan, who had recommenced his raking. She had neglected to put on her coat, but she did not feel the cold.

She had always, in a way inexplicable even to herself, been very jealous of any employee; although she could afford to give Juan and the cleaning-woman only a limited amount of work she felt it disloyal of them not

Continued from page 32

to be constantly at her disposal. So she knew that Juan was not surprised when she demanded, "What did Miss Crewe want?"

"She like the grounds," said Juan in his deep courteous voice. His face was completely unreadable. "Ask about irrigation."

Mrs. Marrable thought she could evaluate with accuracy the depth of Harriet Crewe's interest in irrigation. She did not realise that she was staring at Juan with an expression of such detached ferocity that he shifted his rake uneasily and sent a fugitive glance around for something to distract her. "New tree look fine," he said approvingly.

Mrs. Marrable clenched her hands and walked away.

The almost certainty that Hugh Darrah had entered the cottage for the purpose of searching James' room—he must have poked vigorously at the ash-covered remains of the fire, and closed the damper himself to provide some convenient smoke—turned Harriet cold and definite.

She did not know what was going on, nor at the moment did she care, but the few facts she had were not pleasant. Hugh Darrah and Mrs. Dimmock had been in some form of collusion, and now Mrs. Dimmock was dead. From a composed and sturdy autocrat, Mrs. Marrable had altered into a harsh, sallow, jerking shell—and Hugh Darrah wanted possession of the cottage just across from her, or of something in it. Why else search James' room, disarranging the books James hoarded jealously but never read; why else urge Harriet so gratuitously to leave? It could not be only his interest in Julia, because under Mrs. Marrable's eye he would have less freedom than anywhere else.

Very well, Harriet would leave. She had done all that she could do for James; only time could accomplish the rest. This morning's letter from her brother had said that their plans were changed; as it would be some time before his wife and the new baby were able to make the cross-country trip, he would come on ahead with his mother-in-law and take James to the house they had already rented in Denver. He knew that Harriet must be getting

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

restive, and she had only to say when.

When, thought Harriet, was now the earliest possible moment. She would place a long-distance call to her brother as soon as the time difference showed him to be home; meanwhile, she would ask Mrs. Marrable's Juan if he knew of a woman to come in and clean the cottage after their departure. Both things being arranged, she would tell Mrs. Marrable that she was vacating the cottage a few days early.

Hugh Darrah could have it. He could, thought Harriet very calmly, have the whole damn Southwest.

(But what had he wanted in James' room?)

Juan was raking Mrs. Marrable's lawn under the stern employer-like eye of James, just visible up the road. Harriet went out, informed James that it was too cold as well as impolite to stand and stare, and had taken a step away when James said with fascination and clearly hypocritical sorrow, "Mrs. Dimmock is dead, isn't she?"

For all his look of fragility, he was not a child who would ever have to be cushioned against such things. "Yes," said Harriet briefly. "Go inside now, will you please, James?"

James dawdled away, absentmindedness in his very back, and Harriet crossed to Juan and presented her problem. After many mysterious and guarded glances over his shoulder, Juan said that his sister-in-law would be able to come and clean the cottage; he would have her telephone as to the exact day.

Harriet thanked him, feeling a little as though she had just arranged for some boot-leg liquor, and went back to the cottage. She was vaguely, foolishly disturbed by the absolute quiet from Mrs. Marrable's house. George was presumably at his office, advising people about stocks and mutual funds, but how cold of Julia to leave her aunt completely alone on the day of Mrs. Dimmock's funeral.

As though Harriet had the power to summon her up, Julia drove past the cottage, slowed, and turned in at Mrs. Marrable's driveway. Shortly after that—Harriet watched, unabashed—Julia conducted her aunt to the car which Mrs. Marrable appeared to

approach rather dubiously, and they drove away.

The afternoon was interminable. Harriet abandoned a book, lost four games of solitaire before she discovered that for some reason of his own James had pocketed the ace of spades, and finally went into her room to commence the arduous job of packing all but the immediate necessities. She was interrupted by the telephone, and it was Mrs. Marrable, with a somehow surprising invitation: would Harriet come over at six and join her for a cocktail? And James, of course, for whom hot chocolate would perhaps be strong enough?

Her voice had lost its imperious quality; she sounded lonely and old, shaken by the prospect of another solitary evening. But then it was not, Harriet reflected, a house in which she would care to live alone; its very size and solemnity would mock at a single occupant.

She said they would like it very much, and hung up. An instant later, almost guiltily, she picked up the receiver

nor would he have left the blanket neatly rolled against one wall. Whoever it was intended to come back—to watch the cottage? To enter it?

Harriet shivered suddenly. The ridiculous notion seized her that at any moment she might turn to find the doorway blocked, and she said with unusual sharpness, "Let's go, James," and was outside again with a feeling of narrow escape.

James said importantly, "Are you going to tell Mrs. Marrable?" and Harriet pulled her distracted thoughts back. "I don't know . . . yes. In the meantime, don't go there again, James."

She would have to tell Mrs. Marrable, of course, but somehow she dreaded presenting another problem. Behind her, reassuredly, James began to demand his best flannels for their forthcoming visit.

It was three minutes to six, and there were no signs, no portents. The evening was still and serene, the freshly blacked sky sown with stars, when Harriet and James crossed the road to Mrs. Marrable's house.

Mrs. Marrable had been

Marrable dusted the inside of the knob with talcum powder and went to join Julia.

Julia, she noted as they drove home, looked prettier than usual; a faint flush, a faint carelessness of her posture behind the wheel became her. Mrs. Marrable frowned at the dashboard: something to remember here? It eluded her, and she said punningly, "How bad are things, Julia? Oh, I got it out of George, but what is the extent of it and how long has it been going on?"

"It's purely temporary," said Julia too sunnily, and steered around a nonexistent obstacle in the road. "George made a rather impulsive investment, and the company turned out to be fraudulent. And with other money tied up . . ."

Mrs. Marrable gave her a deliberately ironic glance and Julia's voice faltered into silence. "George is my only nephew, and of course he will have everything some day, but he must understand that I do not approve of lending money. After all, he's still a young man—" she gave the knife a twist—"and there's no reason why he shouldn't start over again."

Julia said nothing; she had the total stillness of a cat subjected to indignity. They turned in at the driveway, and after an incredulous glance Mrs. Marrable sprang from the car, her face livid.

Chloe was digging around the base of the new poplar.

A KIND of furious mist seethed into Mrs. Marrable's brain; not until Julia's alarmed and bewildered "Aunt Elsa!" did she realise that she had been flinging stones, small sticks, anything she could find. When the dog had retreated, after a long head-up stare that was almost humanly knowing, she said in a trembling voice, "That vile animal. It nearly ruined my garden this summer."

Julia looked curious. "I never saw it here before."

"Of course not. Harriet Crewe feeds it now."

Mrs. Marrable recognised the slip at once; her dreadful new intimacy with the girl had tricked her out of the usual formal "Miss Crewe." She said with hardly a pause, "I must say I'll be relieved when she's out of the cottage."

"Oh, really?" said Julia, surprised and a little defensive. "I thought you found her quite a pleasant tenant."

Mrs. Marrable was reflective. "I do think she drinks quite a bit, but that's her own concern. It's chiefly the boy—he's fascinated by fire, and plays with matches constantly."

"Oh, dear," Julia frowned. "Does she know about it?"

"Of course she does—she asked me not to let James burn the leaves when we were cleaning up the lawn a week or so ago. I assume they've had some serious trouble that way before. Not very reassuring, is it? Well, thank you for the drive, Julia."

Since her discovery of George's circumstances a new note had entered Mrs. Marrable's voice, and there was an answering change in Julia. Deference had been a labor of love to her before; now it was sheer work, and she resented every minute of it. Mrs. Marrable, recognising this, dismissed it, and stared hard at the earth around the new poplar before she took out her front door key.

It was scabbled up, but not deeply; the soil was too resistant to yield to the attack of even so large a dog as



and placed a long-distance call to her brother's home in Connecticut.

The circuits were busy, the operator reported; should she keep trying? Harriet glanced at the windows, beginning to blue, and said she would put the call in later. It struck her suddenly that James had been singularly quiet for the past fifteen or twenty minutes, and she said inquiringly to the cottage at large, "James?"

James wasn't there.

Harriet was seized by a formless panic. She cried, "James?" and then "James!" but her voice echoed foolishly back at her. He was nowhere in the cottage. Her heart had begun to go irregular with presentiment when the back door opened and he marched in. His expression presaged no good for anybody; his whole bearing had the militance and precision with which he was accustomed to deliver bad news. He said to Harriet with a dark satisfaction, "Well, somebody's been living in the mud house."

Harriet had said with the exasperation of relief, "James, I told you not to—" before that registered. The mud house, the ruined old adobe stables in the next field . . . She said automatically, "Nonsense," and James bristled.

"They have so. There's cigarette butts and apple cores and a blanket—"

In the end, Harriet went with him. Somebody had certainly been living here: somebody still was. On a ledge in one of the abandoned stalls was a nearly full package of cigarettes with matches laid neatly on top, and no one merely seeking refuge for the night would have left those—

waiting for them for some time.

Julia's arrival was most unwelcome. On this of all days she did not want to leave her post or allow Harriet Crewe to go unwatched for even half an hour, but it would be singular, now that she was without her car, to refuse a drive and a stop in the village. With more ill grace than usual she went to tidy her hair, rinse her mouth with a mint-flavored wash—Julia's nose was as sharp as it was aristocratic—and get her coat.

Emerging from her bedroom, she passed the hall closet with its shiny, infinitely dangerous secret: the wheelchair. George and Julia knew of its existence, but the people who mattered, Harriet Crewe and the deputy, Armijo, did not. Was it conceivable to someone who had seen both women that Mrs. Marrable, much weaker and older, could have handled strong, rosy Mrs. Dimmock to her death behind the wheel of the car?

Armijo had no suspicion that a motive existed for Mrs. Dimmock's death; nevertheless, as a deputy, some such thought must have crossed his mind, some automatic physical comparison between two women who had shared a house. Was the same objection balking Harriet Crewe?

There was no lock on the closet door. Rapidly, Mrs.

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Fashion DOS

ON

● Here, as we dip into summer weather, are some dos and don'ts for resort and beach clothes.

Summer is full of fashion pitfalls. Take the case of the swimsuit, or what to wear on the beach: if your figure is not sleek, don't go on the sand without a cover. With this thought in mind I start with a very emphatic "don't." Don't show too much of your figure if there's too much to show.

— Betty Keep

DO include a beach "blotter" in your holiday wardrobe. A blotter—it's made in towelling and can be best described as a knee-high beach dress—is the perfect garment for a quick change from a limp, wet swimsuit. **DON'T** wear a too-brief bikini unless you know the conventions of the beach. Blotter, left, is high to the throat and sleeveless. It is typical of these straight-cut dresses in bright towelling. They got their label in the U.S.A., where they are worn happily for summer mornings as well as beside the sea.



DON'T overlook the importance of a really pretty shift. A shift is still the most versatile garment around, and it can be worn belted or unbelted. **DO** have your shift closer-fitting than last season's vintage. The newest shift silhouette is designed to show the wearer's curves. Left, a sleeveless shift in a wonderful flowery silk. The fabric mingles all the wonderful pinks and purples in this season's fashions.

DON'T underestimate the importance of a good sun hat. **DO** have at least one with an ultra-wide brim that can be worn off as well as on the beach. If you're not a hat girl, wrap your head in a turban—the turban can be a length of colored towelling or a cotton handkerchief tied Mammy style. This ultra large beach hat (above) is made in rose-red straw and turns back from the wearer's face.

and DON'TS

and OFF the beach

DON'T go on the sand in an ultra-brief bikini unless your figure is sleek. **DO** think about the new Italian look in beachwear labelled "loafing costume." A loafing costume is a bikini and belted, above-the-knee coat, both garments made in matching fabric. Right, bikini and belted coat are made in blue and white printed cotton, finished with bands of cotton braid. Note: if you are not a bikini type, a smooth one-piece swimsuit can look very dashing. The newest one-piece is mostly backless, plunging low to a V or square. The most flattering color choice is chalk white.



Coming in along with fresh sea breezes are a wonderful series of pinks—hot pinks, rose pinks, and shell pinks. Why pink again? Because pink is a marvellous color to wear against a summer sky and tanned skin.

DO have one dress or suit that can be worn in town and still look chic to board a train or plane. **DON'T** arrive at your destination looking frowsy. If you must wear pants for travel, see they are neat as a pin and worn with a freshly laundered shirt. Thumbs down on the blue-jeans-no-shoes brigade. Town and travel suit, left, combines stripes with plain—a very new team in summer fashions.

DON'T pack away your bulky sweaters, they can be very comfortable on the beach. Even in summer, breezes off the ocean can be quite cool. **DO** have your sweater in a color to flatter your eyes and hair. A hood or ultra-large collar is current knitwear news. Right, a rose-pink rib-knit wool sweater finished with narrow wrist-length sleeves and large sailor-type collar.



Chloe. With her first instinctive panic gone, Mrs. Marrable realised that Harriet Crewe must have laid meat down, or perhaps buried lightly some small object belonging to Chloe's former mistress—to show Mrs. Marrable that she knew what lay beneath the row of poplars.

Grimly, Mrs. Marrable used her key. The quiet of the house had an undisturbed air—traitorously, because when she went at once to the hall closet the talcum powder on the inside of the knob was unmistakably smeared. Harriet Crewe's hand had rested on it while she gazed at the wheelchair in the shadows.

Mrs. Marrable closed the door on the sinister wink of metal, walked back into the kitchen, and swallowed half a small whisky before she picked up the telephone and, very calmly, invited Harriet Crewe for a cocktail.

She made her voice pitiable, and thought as she replaced the receiver that she had disarmed the girl—for the time being at least. Six o'clock would tell; she knew intuitively that Harriet Crewe would not accept hospitality from a woman upon whom she had already informed. Meanwhile, attested by the rest of the whisky, she would proceed with her preparations.

She had been hoarding sleeping pills and other drugs for three years—some from the accident to her leg, some from an attack of shingles, others from various companions approaching a difficult age. After a careful inspection she selected four for Harriet and two for James. They were capsules, not unlike the ones with which she had tried to kill Chloe, but this time she took the precaution of tasting the powder she extracted. It was not appetising, certainly, but when she had added a sprinkle of confectioner's sugar the bitter medicinal bite was cut.

It was five-twenty, and then five-thirty, and then a quarter to six. As though she were quite sure of Harriet Crewe's imminent arrival, Mrs. Marrable sent a last glance over the preparations in the kitchen, and, carrying a second glass of whisky, went into her bathroom to wash and powder her face. It escaped her that she, who normally entertained in severe black silk with her lapel watch and perhaps a strand of pearls, wore a shabby tweed skirt, an old blouse with a spot on it, a black cardigan with a hole in one elbow—but at a glance at her face in the mirror she felt a flash of genuine terror.

It was jerking rhythmically, yellow, and she had not known it. While she had thought it quieted, this sly erratic thing had been going on.

Mrs. Marrable struck bruisingly at the basin with both fists before she re-collected herself. Be careful, be quiet, it was almost over now. A sip or two of whisky, a hot cloth over her eye, a little powder, and she would be capable of facing Harriet Crewe for this small final interval.

If she came.

On the heels of that thought, her doorbell rang. Mrs. Marrable did not allow her heart to leap until she opened the front door and there, smiling at her, stood Harriet and James.

"James," said Harriet very casually at seven o'clock, "finish your chocolate, we must be going."

Mrs. Marrable sprang instantly to her feet. "Oh, you mustn't, it's early," she picked up Harriet's glass and extended her hand. "May I have your cup, James?"

Continued from page 35

James, who had been sipping manfully at his hot chocolate, downed the rest of it with a resolution that made Harriet's lips twitch. It had evidently been no better than her own cocktail. She said hastily, "Just a very little for us both, please—it really is late," and when Mrs. Marrable had left the room, met James' appalled eye with a warning shake of his head.

It was indeed difficult to relate this Mrs. Marrable to the tart, energetic woman Harriet had first seen marching dauntlessly along the road. It was not only her somehow shocking appearance—the careless smear of powder on the twitching yellow skin under one eye, the indefinable look of an inner crumbling—she seemed like someone waked from nightmare, talking eagerly and gratefully about nothing, the dry authoritative voice becoming almost a babble.

She had obviously been fonder of Mrs. Dimmock than anyone knew, and she must be pitifully lonely; her gaze clung hungrily to Harriet's face. Harriet felt disturbed and a little embarrassed under such rapt attention; if it had been anyone but Mrs. Marrable she would have thought the woman slightly drunk.

But shock and grief had countless aspects, and so, Harriet discovered, did unease. She began to yawn uncontrollably, not the small yawns of boredom but deep engulfing yawns that, inevitably, infected James. They must, she thought, have looked a sprightly pair of guests when Mrs. Marrable came in with a tray on which, dimly, the glasses and James' cup were full.

Harriet's old-fashioned glass was crammed as before with flotsam and jetsam, and as before it had a lurkily unpleasant taste. Could Mrs. Marrable possibly have used grapefruit rind (somewhat spoiled), or pimento instead of maraschino? She took a second polite sip, extinguished her cigarette, and sent a signalling glance at James.

"We've had an awfully nice time, Mrs. Marrable, but we really must be on our way now. Anyway, I'm sure we're keeping you from your dinner."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Marrable, gazing fixedly at her. "There's all the time in the world."

"Not for James," said Harriet, smiling and determined. "It's not long until his bedtime."

"But you must finish your drinks," said Mrs. Marrable, almost pleadingly, glancing from face to face. "Are they terrible? I'm afraid I'm a very inexperienced bartender. Let me—" She started to rise.

BBETTER the devil you know than the devil you don't know, reflected Harriet rapidly; what unearthly mixture might she produce next? She said in haste: "Oh, no, it's very good," and then there was nothing to do but finish it.

At last she was free to rise and explain, with some difficulty in this atmosphere, that she would be vacating the cottage ahead of time.

"Oh?" said Mrs. Marrable, putting a hand to her active and powdery eye. For a disconcerting second she seemed to be peeping at Harriet around it. "Has something come up?"

How explain the mushrooming unease—more than unease—that she had come to connect with the cottage and everybody around it? The

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

feeling that there was something very wrong just out of sight, the ruthlessly patient dog that kept demanding entry, all the things that were as premonitory of ugliness as chills and fever were of a cold? "No, I just—" Harriet floundered a little under Mrs. Marrable's penetrating stare, aware that she sounded evasive, like someone who planned to leave a flock of unpaid bills behind. "I just ought to be getting back East, that's all. James . . ."

JAMES came, sluggishly, although earlier he had looked as though he would leave on wings.

"Oh—I think you ought to know, Mrs. Marrable, that there's someone staying in the old stables."

Harriet was braced for an angry reaction from Mrs.

high-heeled pump slipping to the floor?—and then total silence.

When she had listened to the silence for several minutes Mrs. Marrable went speedily back to her house. The whisky glow had begun to flicker, and although there was no time to waste it was not really wasted in standing at the sink and pouring herself a drink from which to snatch sips while she washed Harriet Crewe's old-fashioned glass and the cup James had used. When that was done she changed into her crepe-soled gardening shoes, dropped her own set of cottage keys into her sweater pocket along with two boxes of matches, and let herself out into the night again. She did not bother with a coat; oddly, triumphantly, she did not feel the cold at all. The whole trip had taken less than ten minutes.

Neither James nor Harriet

THE BOYFRIEND



Marrable, who had a ferociously strong sense of property and other people's duties concerning it, but for a horrifying instant the dry lips seemed about to open on a burst of laughter.

Perhaps it was only a grimace of pain, controlled at once. "Is there?" said Mrs. Marrable.

She did not quite close the door after Harriet and James. On the cold, still air she listened to the crisp click of high heels along the road, the girl's voice saying, "Come on, James . . . tired? So am I," and then the opening and closing of the cottage door.

Mrs. Marrable slipped out into the darkness, crossed the road, went soundlessly up the cottage lawn, and pressed herself like an animal against the wall to one side of the front living-room window. What if Harriet Crewe should call someone, even the operator, to say that she and the boy had been dragged?

But she did not. Perhaps she thought herself too clever to be tricked, or perhaps she relied upon her promise to return East, and her transparent bluff about someone staying in the old stables, as adequate safeguards. Whatever it was, Mrs. Marrable, listening fiercely, could hear phrases in Harriet's voice, blurred and effortful: ". . . soup, both of us. James? . . . James? . . ."

James had obviously succumbed to the drug. Mrs. Marrable waited tensely, and presently Harriet's footsteps, not crisp now but groping, came so close that her shoulders flinched against the abode. But the girl was only in the living-room—doing what? Inches away from Mrs. Marrable and just above her head, something scraped and banged lightly against the inner wall. After that there was a small, sharp sound—a

had put it behind the mirror over the bookcase . . .

Straining her eyes wide, feeling the room slip a little around her, she had groped behind the mirror. The card wasn't there, and her brain could not grasp the fact that it must have fallen behind the bookcase. She would not lie down on the couch, because she might fall asleep; she would simply sit on it, and think what to . . .

She did not hear her shoe fall off. She lay curled defensively on her side, dark hair ruffled, eyelids gratefully, helplessly down. Only a glass-thin wall of the consciousness of something dangerously wrong stood between her and the ready acceptance of oblivion.

Her lashes flickered, and there was the quiet room, with someone breathing heavily in it. They flickered again—how much later?—and Hugh Darrah was moving swiftly and secretly about. Harriet thought she screamed, but only slow breathing came from between her parted lips.

Mrs. Marrable studied her with care and contempt. She was not shamming. Breathing could be simulated, but the eyelids of a supposed sleeper awake and alert behind them always trembled under a sufficiently close scrutiny. Mrs. Marrable was about to move away when the girl's lashes parted suddenly, showing a flash of grey and then blank white before they met again.

As stubborn as Mrs. Dimmock, thought Mrs. Marrable with a sudden stab of rage. And as unavailing.

She had already cast a glance through the dark mouth of James' room, and he was no problem—indeed, did he even require smoke inhalation or flame? Soundless on her crepe soles, Mrs. Marrable crossed the living-room, locked the front door, deposited in the corner of an armchair a twist of the paper she had known she would find in the kitchen. On the bookcase beside the chair was a glass ashtray containing two cigarette ends. Mrs. Marrable tipped it into the upholstery at a careful slant, as though it had toppled from the arm, and struck a match and held it to the pressed-in paper.

THERE was a brief, bright flame, a blackening, a faint smell of scorched fabric, and that was all. Angriest, because negligent smokers constantly burned themselves to death with no assistance at all, Mrs. Marrable went to the kitchen for a knife, slit the upholstery, tumbled the stuffing out, and set another match.

This one caught, slumberously but certainly. Smoke boiled yellowly from the stuffing, the edges of the fabric were a crinkled gold and then a series of pointed flames. Mrs. Marrable moved the chair close to the curtains, saw the hems catch, listened to the eager growing sound of fire.

On the couch behind her, Harriet Crewe slept.

Perhaps because of some chemical used in the chair, the smoke in the room was already thickening. The curtains were half gobbled up in flame, the pointed tongues beginning to lick toward the door. They made a weird witch-light, a secretive crackle—cackle?—in the uncaring silence of the tenanted cottage.

Mrs. Marrable went swiftly into the kitchen, where there was only a strong smell of smoke. All her blood seemed to rush into her head with an uneven thunder, because in front of the back door, head watchfully up, bulk braced against any attempt to move her, was Chloe.

"Chloe," said Mrs. Marrable in a rising voice. "Good girl. Get up!"

Chloe growled softly, and the smell of smoke curled in more strongly.

Mrs. Marrable checked her drumming panic. She leaned over the dog to the doorknob and pulled and the enormous weight braced itself and nothing happened. The dog simply lay there, willing to burn to death, willing Mrs. Marrable to burn to death.

A hoarse sound caught in Mrs. Marrable's throat. She ran back toward the living-room, and was met by a wall of smoke and reaching flame. A spark caught her sweater and she slapped it out, feeling the heat it had acquired in an instant.

She ran back to the kitchen door and bent and wrenched at the dog's massive shoulders, undeterred by the deepening growl. In despair she seized at its forepaws, and the long silken nose wrinkled back, the narrow jaws flashed like lightning. Mrs. Marrable snatched back a hand from which blood had begun to spurt, and used her foot.

"Chloe!" she shrieked. "Chloe . . .!"

Harriet's stinging lungs brought her to partial consciousness. For just a second she opened her eyes.

She stared directly into Hugh Darrah's face, bent as he lifted her from the couch, dark against the fringing radiance of fire across the room. He said rapidly, "James is outside . . . duck your head," and Harriet turned her face blindly into his shoulder as they neared the bewildering flames. Then the door came wrenching open and icy night air poured over her like water.

The screaming had stopped.

Like someone drunk or dreaming, she accepted the lights and the turmoil that presently shattered the quiet black Valley night. There was a fire engine and then another, cars with beaming red lights on top, an ambulance into which James, still sleeping, was lifted, and in which Harriet was told she must go, too.

Hugh Darrah said something which didn't quite penetrate but fell as familiarly as a pat on the shoulder. The last thing Harriet saw, and the thing that came once or twice before dawn in the country hospital where Mrs. Dimmock's body had lain, was Mrs. Marrable's grotesquely twitching face.

Beside her, apparently in charge of her, was a uniformed man who looked as though he had just seen his world fall in ruins.

In spite of smoke inhalation on top of drugs, James was all right in the morning, although the hospital would keep him another day.

In mid-morning, the man Harriet had seen beside Mrs. Marrable the night before arrived. His name was Armijo, and he took from Harriet a statement about the previous evening: Mrs. Marrable's unusual demeanor, the odd taste of the drinks she had served, the sleepiness that had overwhelmed Harriet and James immediately afterward. He said that under the circumstances a full investigation would be opened into the death of Mrs. Dimmock.

"She was obviously afraid you knew something about it, Miss Crewe. When did you begin to suspect her?"

"Suspect her?" I was worried about her, I thought she was being victimised. That's why I went to her house last night. She seemed so . . . forlorn."

Armijo gave her an examining glance and stood up.

To page 41

Summer Drinks

• Cool, delicious soft drinks you can make easily at home to quench the family's thirst on the long, hot days of the summer holiday season.



THERE are recipes in this feature for old-style ginger beer, orange cordial, and lemon squash — all the drinks the family will love. They're economical, too, so you can make a good supply and store in the refrigerator until needed.

Iced coffee, spiced iced tea — all the recipes are here, to provide a wonderful variety of thirst-quenching drinks.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these recipes.

TOMATO JUICE

One-and-a-half pounds tomatoes, 1 quart water, 2 teaspoons sugar, salt and pepper.

Chop tomatoes roughly, combine in saucepan with other ingredients; simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Strain well, chill. Serve in small glasses with squeeze of lemon juice. Add a little Worcestershire sauce for spicy flavor. Garnish each glass with lemon slice.

FRUIT SALAD PUNCH

Two cups orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons passionfruit pulp, juice of 2 lemons, 3 cups of water, sugar to taste.

Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly; chill well. When serving, garnish each glass with mint sprig.

ICED CHOC-MARSHMALLOW MINT

Two ounces chocolate, 1 cup water, 6 marshmallows, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 pints milk, few drops peppermint essence, fresh mint leaves.

Chop chocolate roughly, place in saucepan with water. Stir over low heat until melted, add sugar and cook about 1 minute, stirring to allow sugar to dissolve. Remove from heat, add chopped marshmallows, heat until smooth. Add milk and essence; chill. Serve in tall glasses decorated with fresh mint leaves.

AMBROSIA SHAKE

Four ripe bananas, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, 6 tablespoons clear honey, pinch salt, few drops almond essence, 2 pints cold milk, whipped cream, cinnamon.

Mash bananas well, beat in orange juice, honey, salt, almond essence, and milk; chill. Serve topped with spoonful of whipped cream and little cinnamon.

CARNIVAL MILK SHAKE

Two cups canned fruit cocktail (well drained), 1 small block vanilla ice-cream, 1 cup milk, nutmeg.

Reserve $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the fruit cocktail, place remainder in electric blender and blend about 10 seconds until smooth. Add ice-cream and half the milk; blend until ice-cream is soft. Add remaining milk and blend for several seconds. Pour into chilled glasses. Top with reserved fruit cocktail and sprinkling of nutmeg. Serve with colored straws.

FAVORITE ORANGE CORDIAL

Six oranges, 5lb. sugar, 1oz. citric acid, 1oz. tartaric acid, 1oz. Epsom-salt, 3 pints water.

Grate rind of oranges, squeeze the juice into basin, add acids and Epsom-salt dissolved in 1 cup boiling water. Allow to stand overnight. Add sugar and water next day; stand further 24 hours to allow flavors to become stronger, stirring occasionally. Then strain and bottle. Serve, diluted with iced water, lemonade, or soda-water.

ICED COFFEE BASE

Twelve tablespoons instant coffee powder, 2 cups water, pinch salt, 2 cups sugar.

Blend coffee with water and salt, bring to the boil, simmer 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add sugar and stir until dissolved. Return to stove and boil further 5 minutes till syrupy. Cool, bottle to use as required. To serve, place about 1 or 2 tablespoons of the cordial in a glass, top with icy cold milk and little ice-cream or whipped cream if desired.

PINEAPPLE CORDIAL

One large or 2 small pineapples, water, sugar, 2oz. tartaric acid.

Peel, core, and cut up pineapple, cover with water, leave 24 hours. Bring to the boil, simmer about 1 hour or a little longer until pineapple is very tender. Strain, allow 1 cup of sugar to each 1 cup juice. Place sugar and juice back on stove to boil 20 minutes. Cool, add tartaric acid; bottle as soon as acid has dissolved. A little in a glass of iced water or soda-water is delicious.

LEMON SQUASH

Four pounds sugar, 1oz. Epsom-salt, 1oz. citric acid, 2oz. tartaric acid, grated rind 4 lemons, 3 pints boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint lemon juice.

In a large saucepan, place sugar, Epsom-salt, citric and tartaric acids, lemon rind, water, and lemon juice. Stir over heat with wooden spoon until all ingredients are

LONG DRINKS, short drinks, iced drinks, spiced drinks, and a cool-colored lime ice. All the tempting recipes are in this feature.

Color picture by Ian Mitchell

dissolved. (But don't boil, because this spoils color.) Strain, pour into warm bottles and cork when cold. Serve about 2 tablespoons in glass filled with water.

HONEY SYRUP

Two cups fresh, clear honey, juice 3 lemons, water.

Mix lemon juice with honey in large jug, add sufficient water to make mixture of syrupy consistency. Keep jug in refrigerator. When required for use: mix $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of honey syrup, a little fruit juice, and enough soda-water to fill remainder of glass.

GINGER BEER

To make plant: Put into screw-top jar 8 sultanas, juice 2 lemons, 1 teaspoon lemon pulp, 4 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, and 2 cups cold water. Leave 2 or 3 days. In warm weather the mixture should then begin to ferment. Then each day for 1 week add 2 teaspoons ground ginger and 4 teaspoons sugar to jar.

To make Ginger Beer: Pour 4 cups boiling water on to 4 cups sugar, stir until dissolved, add juice 4 lemons. Strain into this the ginger beer "plant" you have made in the screw-top jar. Use piece of fine muslin and squeeze the cloth dry. Add 28 cups of cold water, fill into clean, dry airtight bottles; seal securely. The best bottles to use have special clamp tops. Keep 3 days before using.

To keep plant alive: halve residue in muslin, place back in jar with 2 cups water for 1 week; feed with 4 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger as before.

ROSE CHAMPAGNE

One-and-a-half pounds sugar, 2lb. rhubarb, 14 tablespoons white vinegar, 1 gallon water, 2 lemons.

Wash and cut up rhubarb, place in basin. Squeeze juice from lemons, cut up rind finely, put in basin with rhubarb and all other ingredients. Allow to stand 48 hours, strain 3 times. Bottle and cork down well. Leave 1 or 2 weeks before using. To serve, chill well and pour into champagne glasses.

Continued overleaf

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

READERS' HINTS

● These hints from readers will help you with your cookery for summer meals and picnics. Each wins £1/1/-.

PREVENT sticky jars when making jam and chutney. Get a plastic funnel about 5in. in diameter and cut off about 1in. above the neck, using the heated blade of an old knife. Rest funnel in jars and fill.—Mrs. K. Takkenberg, 64 Hebden St., Lockhart, N.S.W.

Economical tea essence for a picnic: Put 1oz. tea in basin, pour 1 pint boiling water over it. Cover, leave 5 minutes, then strain through fine wire strainer. Measure to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, adding more boiling water if necessary. Store in ordinary glass bottle, not vacuum flask, and cork. Use 1 tablespoon essence to a cup, add boiling water. Essence will make 20 cups of tea.—Mrs. H. Peel, 23 Kingsley Cres., Mont Albert, Melbourne.

Instead of a fork, use the bottom of a cut-glass vase, bowl, etc., to make patterns on small rolled biscuits or shortbread. The result is pretty and unusual.—Barbara Sharp, 3 Madden St., Morwell, Vic.

To make perfect pastry-cases without using rice, etc., to keep centre flat while cooking: Reverse tart-plate, cover smoothly with aluminium foil (tuck foil underneath tart-plate), then cover with pastry. Prick well, refrigerate half an hour, then cook with pastry on top of plate. When cold, undo the foil and lift off. Foil can be washed and used again.—Mrs. V. Robinson, 31 Hertford Cres., Balwyn E.8, Vic.

To keep lettuce fresh and crisp when camping or on a picnic, wash it well and wrap in very damp kitchen paper. The hotter the day, the greater the evaporation and the crisper the lettuce.—P. McLean, 7 Wingadee St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

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New recipe for corned meat

● This week the £5 main prize is won by a Queensland reader for an unusual recipe for "dressing up" corned meat with a glaze of marmalade, sugar, and mustard.

INSTEAD of throwing away pineapple skins, make our £1 consolation prizewinning recipe—pineapple honey. The finished product is clear golden pineapple-flavored honey to serve with ice-cream or spread on bread or biscuits.

Another consolation prize of £1 is awarded for a recipe for an interesting shortcake with fruit and nut filling.

All spoon measurements are level.

GLAZED CORNED BEEF

Four pound piece of corned silverside, warm water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, few cloves, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 3 red-skinned apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, juice 1 lemon.

Wash meat, remove excess fat. Place in warm water, cover, and simmer until tender, allowing about 40 minutes to each lb. Cool in water in which it was cooked (overnight if possible). Place

meat, fat side up, in baking-dish, rub with butter, coat with seasoned flour, stick with cloves. Bake in hot oven, uncovered, 20 minutes. Spread surface of meat with mixture of mustard, brown sugar, and marmalade combined. Slice and core apples, place round meat. Pour fruit juices all over. Bake further 30 minutes, basting meat and apples with liquid from dish. Serve hot or cold.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Beadle, 4 Hubert St., Dinmore, Qld.

PINEAPPLE HONEY

Fresh pineapple, sugar, lemon juice, yellow or orange food coloring.

Scrub skin of pineapple with clean brush, rinse in clean water; then cut skin from pineapple flesh. If the fruit is to be eaten, slice it and keep apart, but take out core and add to peelings. Place peelings and core in pot, cover with water and boil gently until tender. Strain liquid and use wooden spoon to crush all the juice from skins. Measure liquid and to each cup add 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Return mixture to saucepan, boil until the consistency of honey. Add a few drops of coloring if desired. Bottle and seal when cold. Delicious on toast

or as sauce for puddings and ice-cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Seymour, C/- 245 Wellington Rd., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

BRAZIL FRUIT SLICE

Shortcake: Four ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 dessertspoons condensed milk, 1 egg, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder.

Fruit Filling: One large apple (peeled), 1 cup sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, 2oz. brazil nuts, rind and juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon full cream powdered milk, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1oz. melted butter.

Shortcake: Cream butter, sugar, and condensed milk until white and creamy, add egg. Mix well, fold in sifted dry ingredients. Mix to soft dough. Divide in two, press one portion into greased swiss roll tin, spread with fruit mixture, top with other piece of shortcake. Bake in moderately hot oven about 40 minutes. Cook, ice with chocolate icing.

Filling: Mince sultanas, raisins, apple and brazil nuts, using coarse cutter. Add grated lemon rind and juice, milk powder, and egg. Mix well, and lastly add melted butter and sugar. Stir

Low-calorie recipe

THE recipe below makes a satisfying main dish for all the family, as well as dieters.

TOMATO VEAL CASSEROLE

Two dessertspoons oil, 2lb. veal (cut from the leg), 2 dessertspoons flour, salt and pepper, 1-3rd cup consommé, 2 cups canned tomatoes with juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry or marsala, 1 large onion (chopped), finely chopped parsley.

Cut veal into cubes, removing fat and gristle. Heat oil, put in veal, brown well on all sides. Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper; mix well. Stir in consommé, tomatoes, and sherry. Place chopped onion in bottom of casserole, top with the veal; pour over tomato-and-sherry mixture. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until meat is tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Serves 6; calories per serving, 296.

thoroughly and use as directed.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Niblock, 31 Goldfinch St., Taihape, N.Z.

SUMMER DRINKS . . . from previous page

APPLE SPARKLE

Apple Plant: Half cup sugar, 1 pint water, 1 crushed over-ripe or bruised apple, extra over-ripe apples and sugar. Place sugar in china jug or basin (not metal), add water and the crushed apple (which causes fermentation). Cover with net, and feed plant with $\frac{1}{2}$ over-ripe apple (crushed) and 1 level dessertspoon sugar each day for 7 days, stirring after each addition.

To make drink: Four cups sugar (amount could be varied slightly, depending on type of apple used), 15 cups water, 1 large bottle apple cider.

Place in large container the sugar, water, apple cider, and the strained liquids from plant. Stir well, bottle, and seal down airtight. It is ready to drink in about 3 days after bottling. The result—a clear, bubbling drink at very little expense.

Residue of plant can be kept for future use, but it is not necessary, because a new one can be made each time with same successful results.

SPICED ICED TEA

Six whole cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 cups water, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 cups tea (chilled), ice-cubes.

Combine cloves, spice, sugar, and water in saucepan. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, simmer 20 minutes. Let cool, then strain. Add fruit juices and tea. Serve over ice-cubes in tall glasses.

LIME ICE

One large bottle lemonade, 2 tablespoons creme de menthe (or substitute green cordial), 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Pour lemonade into freezer-trays, stir in creme de menthe or cordial. Freeze until just mushy. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating until dissolved; fold into ice. Freeze and stir once before mixture is firm. Just before serving, break up the lime ice with fork until flaky, pile into small glasses; serve as a sherbet.

RHUBARB SQUASH

Six pounds rhubarb, 3lb. sugar, water, 3 pieces preserved ginger, 6 cloves, juice 2 lemons, juice 2 oranges, 1 large ripe pineapple.

Cut up rhubarb, add 4 quarts water. Bring to the boil, simmer 1 hour; strain and allow to cool. Place sugar in saucepan, add ginger, cloves, lemon and orange juice, and grated pineapple. Simmer 1 hour; strain and allow to cool. Mix with the rhubarb liquid. Allow to stand 24 hours; chill. Serve with crushed ice.

AMETHYST NECTAR

One pint boiling water, 8oz. sugar, 4oz. black-currant syrup, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup light grape juice, pulp 6 passionfruit, 1 sprig mint, 1 large bottle ginger ale, 2 large bottles lemonade.

Mix together the water, sugar, mint, black-currant syrup. When cool, add fruit juices and passionfruit; chill. At serving time add chilled ginger ale and lemonade.

CRYSTAL JELLY PUNCH

Half cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 packet each of orange, strawberry, and lemon flavored jelly crystals, 5 pints iced water, 1 small can crushed pineapple, 1 cup chopped strawberries or cherries, 2 chopped oranges, ice-cubes, 3 large bottles dry ginger ale.

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Empty jelly packets into large basin, add hot sugar syrup, and stir until dissolved; cool, add iced water, pineapple, strawberries or cherries, and oranges. At serving time add ice-cubes and ginger ale. Serve very cold.

RUBY PUNCH

One pound boysenberries (fresh, frozen, or canned), 1 cup orange juice, 1 can apricot nectar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 bottles ginger ale (chilled).

Press boysenberries through coarse sieve, extract all juice. Strain through fine strainer. Combine with orange juice, apricot nectar, lemon juice, and sugar; mix well. Chill at least 1 hour or until serving. Add ginger ale and mix well. Pour into chilled glasses or punch cups, serve with halved drinking-straws.

PLUM WHIP

One pound red plums, 6oz. sugar, 1 pint water, 1 small can chilled evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, few drops red coloring.

Wash plums, halve them, and place in saucepan with sugar and water. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cover, and simmer 15 minutes or until plums are tender. Press juice through fine sieve into bowl; cool. Beat evaporated milk in bowl with lemon juice until thick, fold into plum mixture. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture with little red coloring, if necessary. Chill at least 20 minutes. Pour into tall glasses to serve.

LEMON CRUNCH

For each serving allow 1 lemon, about 2 dessertspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1-3rd cup crushed ice, soda water, lemon slices to garnish.

Squeeze lemon juice, strain, add sugar dissolved in boiling water. Mix well together; chill. Add crushed ice, stir, pour into tall glass. Fill with the chilled soda water. Mix together quickly, press $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon slice on edge of glass. Serve immediately.

GRAPE TEA PUNCH

Six cloves, sprinkling cinnamon, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons fresh tea-leaves, 2 cups boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 cups chilled canned light grape juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 bottles chilled dry ginger ale.

Put sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water in saucepan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves; chill. Combine cloves, cinnamon, and tea-leaves, pour over boiling water, set aside 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain, pour into sugar syrup. Cool, but don't place in refrigerator, because it will become cloudy. Add grape and lemon juices, lemon and orange rinds, then pour over ice-cubes in large jug, adding the chilled ginger ale; serve.

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

He thanked her, said that was all for now, and hoped she was feeling better. They might have a few questions to ask her later—

"Where is she now? Mrs. Marrable?"

"Here," said Armijo. "Don't worry, she's being well watched. You'll be here in Albuquerque for at least a few days?"

"Well, as a matter of fact I—"

Up the corridor, suddenly, came a walk Harriet knew.

"Yes," she said.

Hugh Darrah cosseted her; he told her very little until she had been released from the hospital.

This lunch at the Inn—late, at almost two o'clock—was very different from Harriet's earlier visit.

A near table was briefly haunted by the ghost of a small elderly woman, poised and imperious in black. Gradually, Darrah dispelled it.

Mrs. Dimmock had been surprisingly truthful. She had been godmother to Hugh and was a practical nurse, not out of financial necessity but because she was a woman who liked people and activity and an occasional change of scene. She had studied nursing with Edna Tinsley, and when chance brought them both to Albuquerque, they had given up their separate rented rooms and taken an apartment together.

An advertisement had secured Miss Tinsley the job with Mrs. Marrable, and a silence had fallen instantly. Mrs. Dimmock had received one scribbled letter which sounded both rushed and furtive, the main gist being that her friend had better not write or telephone just yet—the old lady wouldn't like it. After that there was nothing until the elated and secretive call about Edna's "secret."

Mrs. Dimmock, merely curious at first, began to disapprove as the days went by, like a number of timid and conservative people, Edna would be capable of monumental folly. In spite of the ban on correspondence she sent a note, and when that went unanswered she telephoned. A woman's voice told her distantly that Miss Tinsley was no longer at that address.

Mrs. Dimmock put two and two together, and got the worst. She was between jobs, and she watched the newspapers grimly in the hope of Mrs. Marrable's advertising again. When Mrs. Marrable did, and she was hired to replace her missing friend, Hugh Darrah argued that if her suspicions had any foundation it was not a healthy spot. He did not take very seriously the suggestion that a wealthy old woman in the Valley had done something sinister with her middle-aged companion; nevertheless, for his own peace of mind, he insisted on a regular means of communication—a blank postcard daily, which would commit Mrs. Dimmock to nothing if it were found.

Darrah, in Albuquerque, grew both curious and uneasy although the postcards continued to come. By the time he took a room in the village, Mrs. Dimmock's suspicion had become conviction. There was the insistence that she have means of her own but no relatives, the gratuitous lie about Edna Tinsley's drinking spree, and Mrs. Marrable's unaccountable attitude toward Harriet and James.

"She hated you both from

the beginning," said Darrah, "just for being there. Mrs. Dimmock warned James away from the place—she was afraid of what might happen to him if he began asking questions."

On the night of Mrs. Marrable's birthday dinner, when she was alone and unguarded for the first time, Mrs. Dimmock had summoned Darrah to the house. She had found a newspaper—Mrs. Marrable saved old newspapers—dating from about the time of Edna's telephone call about her "secret." It was folded at the business page, and there were pencil jottings in the margin. Was it possible that Mrs. Marrable had mislaid her companion's savings, and killed her because she demanded redress?

Darrah said it was unlikely; Mrs. Dimmock replied that she was going to bring up the subject of her own money anyway. They also arranged that evening that in the event of any unforeseen development Mrs. Dimmock would leave a message for Darrah in James' room in the cottage, should she be unable to reach him by telephone. She would tell Harriet that Mrs. Marrable had sent her for something there.

"She knew," said Darrah gently, swivelling ice in his glass, "that you didn't trust her."

"No. I didn't."

JUST exactly how backwards she had had everything, even Darrah's apparent interest in Julia. (But not, she was still convinced, Julia's in Darrah.) He had wanted a look at Mrs. Marrable in her own setting, and an appraisal of her attitude toward her companion; besides, it had occurred to him that Julia might be of use later. She was, after Mrs. Dimmock's death, when he persuaded her to take Mrs. Marrable out for a long ride.

"The woman nearly had me fooled," said Darrah, frowning at a memory, "even knowing what I did. She certainly looked shocked when I told her about the accident in the drain, and unless she'd had help, which didn't seem likely, I couldn't see how she could possibly have managed it, physically."

He told Harriet about his discovery of the wheelchair, which removed that obstacle, and the dog candy he had set down for Chloe. Mrs. Marrable's phobia about the animal seemed inexplicable unless she were afraid it might dig—and the newest planting on the grounds was a young poplar.

"I saw Julia later that afternoon, and she said the old lady went into a frenzy when she saw the dog. She blamed the whole thing on you, said you'd been feeding it—and she as much as said that James was apt to burn the cottage down some day, playing with matches as he constantly did. This came out of the blue, according to Julia, so it looked as though she meant to establish James as a firebug for a reason. On the whole it seemed a fairly good time to move into the stables which I had been using off and on as a lookout station and see what went on."

On the still air, he heard Harriet and James talking as they crossed the road to Mrs. Marrable's house at six o'clock. When they did not emerge, it was clear that they had been asked for cocktails or dinner—and surely that was odd, when she hated

them both? Growing alarmed, Darrah had let himself into the cottage with the key Mrs. Dimmock had given him, called the sheriff's office, and put his case urgently.

Armijo, to whom he talked, was sceptical. But, humoring Darrah (and himself), he drove up the Valley, parking his car well off the road a hundred yards from the cottage, and joined the other man in the shadows of the carport. He was barely there when Harriet Crewe and the boy came out of the Marrable house, walked to the cottage, and entered it. He was about to leave when Darrah's arm jerked him urgently back.

Along the road, barely discernible in her secrecy, came Mrs. Marrable. The night was silent and moveless for about ten minutes, at the end of which time she slipped back to her house, purpose in her very speed.

"I went in," said Darrah to Harriet, "and there you both were, out like lights. I didn't know what she was up to but I thought maybe fire, so I fixed the curtains so Armijo could see in and went into James' room."

He gave her an apologetic look. "Sorry about letting it get so far—she's as shrewd as the devil, and if she hadn't been caught in the act..."

Harriet sent a mute look across the table, at which Darrah picked up his empty glass, studied it minutely, and set it down again. "I mean—I suppose you'll be going back East?"

"Well," said Harriet in the same studious way, "yes."

"You'll probably have to testify," he said hopefully.

"I suppose I could go and come back."

"You might get to like it out here," said Darrah very formally.

The badly decomposed body of Edna Tinsley emerged from the reluctant earth a few weeks after it had entered.

Chloe was on hand, an object of awe and curiosity to the small crowd of bystanders until someone volunteered the information that the dog had belonged to a woman named Rose Hull, who had been Mrs. Marrable's tenant and then companion. Come to think of it, what had become of Rose Hull? Funny the dog hung around the place like that...

But the remains under the second poplar were not those of Rose Hull. The identification in a rotting calf pocketbook belonged to an Elizabeth Duarte.

After that, in a macabre row, were Iva Turner, Rose Hull, and Ellen Bosworth. In every case the back of the skull had been crushed.

Someone was heard to remark that the old lady had achieved the ultimate in organic gardening.

The disintegration of Mrs. Marrable was swift and complete. Much to his relief she refused to see George—"Hypocrite!" she said sternly—and she combed her hair and kept herself clean only under duress. One day, with immense cleverness, she began to insist that she was not Elsa Marrable at all but Mrs. James Wilson, and, with a laugh that froze her wardress, that she could prove it. She had simply left her other head in a closet at home...

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The novel "The Forbidden Garden" is published by Eyre and Spottiswood, Ltd., London, and is available in Australia from Cassell and Co., Melbourne.

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● It might be a little late in the year to tell you this, but you're making your Christmas mince pies the wrong way! Christmas never seems to be Christmas without mince pies, and I'd always thought that our little fruit pies were a traditional recipe almost as old as England.

IN Elizabeth I's day no good housewife thought Christmas could be Christmas without a mince pie, either, but her recipe was rather different. In "The English Hus-wife," of 1623, Gervase Markham gave this recipe, already time-honored:

"Take a leg of mutton, and cut the best of the best flesh from the bone, and parboil it well: then put to it three pounds of the best mutton suet, and shred it very small: then spread it abroad, and season it with pepper and salt, cloves and mace: then put in good store of currants, great raisins, and prunes, clean, washed, and picked, a few dates sliced, and some orange-pills sliced; then being all well mixed together, put it into a coffin, or into diverse coffins, and so bake them: and when they are served up open the lids and strew store of sugar on the top of the meat and upon the lid. And in this sort you may also bake beef or veal; only the beef would not be parboiled, and the veal will ask a double quantity of suet."

Christmas preparations must have taken up the whole of December in the great households in medieval times.

Nobody, absolutely nobody, could be decently turned away from the door on Christmas Day. The great Earl of Warwick once fed 6000!

Though there was plenty for everyone, what you got to eat probably depended on your social standing.

If you were just a humble follower you had your dinner in the courtyard—great slices of pork hot from the spit turning over an open-air fire, or slabs of veal on slices of bread which served as plates and were then thrown to the dogs; and as much ale and cider as you could drink.

But inside the hall things were fancier. Roast capons, geese and chickens, trout and swordfish, sturgeon and crab, lampreys and onions; and of course the boar's head (main dish at any feast), carried in off a silver charger to the sound of fiddles, its mouth propped open with an orange and the rim of the dish covered in small roasted birds with their skin and feathers put back on, and their wings spread as if for flight.

Maybe you don't plan to serve a boar's head this Christmas (could you stand it looking at you every time you opened the door of the fridge?), but if you're tired of poultry, how about a saddle of pork cooked this way:

"Trim a saddle of pork, and give it a good shape. Salt and pepper it, and steep it for 12 hours in two pints of white wine, together with 4oz. chopped onions, 4oz. chopped carrots, 2 cloves of garlic, 1 head of chopped celery, 1 bayleaf, 2 cloves, ½oz. black pepper, pinch of parsley and thyme.

"The saddle should be turned frequently, to absorb the ingredients. Now braise it in a stewpan with the vegetable seasoning, adding 4oz. butter, for about two hours.

"Then remove from the fire and strain the liquor in which it was cooked." Serve it with this sauce:

"Put 1oz. sugar into a saucepan and melt and brown over the fire; add a claret-glass of wine vinegar, and bring to the boil.

"Now add the strained liquor from the saddle, together with 1oz. roasted pine nuts,

1oz. raisins, 1oz. citron peel, 1oz. currants, and 3oz. best powdered chocolate.

"Stir well over the fire. If not sufficiently thick, a little potato flour should be added."

If you don't like it, don't blame me—I haven't tried it. Anyway, you can always go back to roast chook next year!

The English were always hearty eaters, and in 1587 William Harrison, in his "Description of England," explained why:

"The situation of our region, lying near unto the north," he said, "doth cause the heat of our stomachs to be of somewhat greater force; therefore our bodies do crave a little more ample nourishment than the inhabitants of the hotter regions are accustomed withal, whose digestive force is not altogether so vehement, because their internal heat is not so strong as ours, which is kept in by the coldness of the air that from time to time (especially in winter) doth environ our bodies."

I love the idea of a "vehement" digestion. Mike has one, there's no doubt about that.

By the end of Christmas Day mine is the exact opposite, whatever that is. But Mike's, whether he's environed by cold air or a good old Australian heatwave, goes on being thoroughly vehement until well into the New Year.

Roads could be worse!

IF you're out and about in your car over the Christmas weekend, don't curse the traffic; just remember how much better off you are than the 6000 guests trying to get to their dinner at the Earl of Warwick's castle.

It was nobody's job to look after the roads, and people were likely to dig bits of them up or steal bits of them for pasture land.

In 1499 a poor glover was hurrying to Aylesbury market to sell his wares at the market on Christmas Eve.

An Aylesbury miller, who needed ramming clay to mend his mill, sent a couple of servants to dig clay for him on the highway.

Digging this clay made a great pit in the road, 10ft. long, 8ft. wide, and 8ft. deep, which quickly filled with water.

The glover, hurrying into the town at dusk with the paniers of his pack-saddle filled with gloves, fell into the pit and he and his horse were drowned.

The miller was arrested and charged with responsibility for his death, but the court acquitted him on the grounds "that he had had no malicious intent, and had only dug the pit to repair his mill, and because he did not know of any other place to get the kind of clay he wanted save from the high-road."

I will try to remember that over the Christmas weekend.

It may be practically impossible to move on the roads, but it's nice to think they will remain fairly solid under the wheels of your traffic-jammed car.

A Merry Christmas to you all, and my best wishes for a thoroughly vehement digestion!



The Festive Season . . . the Party Season . . .
 the Season for enjoying gaiety, sincerity
 and the warm friendliness of

CHATEAU TANUNDA Brandy
The Brandy of Distinction



THE CHRISTMAS SHIP

But then had come the magical day, when last the ship of Cap'n Gorton had lain in the Cove, the bearded jovial man, who drank so heartily and laughed so readily, had cursed Bundala for a shiftless complaining old humbug, but still had made his promise.

"Dammit, I'll take ye both down maself, the next time I'm out, but I canna wait for ye, so be here on the wharf, ready. And not a word o' this to a soul, mind, for there's them that wouldna' like it."

So they had kept their secret, and scarcely left the beach or the wharf all this time, waiting so many days and nights that they had lost count. But Cap'n Gorton had not come. Cap'n Gorton had not kept his promise.

THE ship was late, that was all, the white people said, but Tomah knew better. Tomah knew now that Cap'n Gorton had been drunk the day he made his promise, and that he had forgotten his promise, and that even when he did sail down-harbor he would not take Bundala and Tomah home.

In a burst of anger he grasped his medal, his charm, the coin with the hole in it threaded with twine, and dragged it from about his neck. Cap'n Gorton had given him the medal, that last trip out, making him the envy of every piccaninny along the waterfront. Now he hated his medal because he could not trust Cap'n Gorton. He could not trust anyone. Except, perhaps, Miss Plum, but he could not explain to Miss Plum, for if Cap'n Gorton did not keep his promise he, Tomah, must keep his: a promise was a promise, a sacred thing, for ever . . .

He stood up and dug his dark toes into the dust. They would not wait longer, he and Bundala. Better that his grandfather should die, if he must, along the tracks to the south, among people like themselves, instead of on a wharf, to be dragged away somewhere by white people who meant well but who did not understand.

They would not get far tonight, no, just to the outskirts of the town, perhaps, to the camps of the blacks. But it would be a beginning and before they left he could show his anger and contempt for Cap'n Gorton by returning his present; the medal, the charm.

He would take the coin to Miss Plum, who would wrap it in paper, smoothly, like a letter, and seal the paper with wax as the white people did, which made your letter important, and when Cap'n Gorton saw the coin he would remember, and be ashamed and punished . . .

Storm-battered, fire-damaged, but still in one piece and afloat, the *Clara-belle*, the Christmas ship, lay that night off the Heads. And in the hot dawn of Christmas Eve, sailed, triumphant, into the waters of Port Jackson.

Miss Edwina was in a seventh heaven of delight—and more-than-ever confusion—as she swept about the decks of the *Clara-belle*, skirts bouncing, cheeks glowing, bonnet plumes waving, laden with umbrella, Mrs. Huddy's birdcage, a salvaged coffee-pot, her reticule of lists and letters, and, in the crook of one arm, upside down and screaming, the child Ambrose, orphaned during the voyage by the death of both his parents.

Ambrose was outraged and

uncomfortable, but the louder he screamed the wider grew Miss Plum's smile. Such fine strong lungs. Miss Edwina loved children and there were children a-plenty in the *Clara-belle*, to be delivered to the hospital, or to the orphanage, or to a waiting grandmother; an absolute wealth of footloose humanity to be taken under her wing.

Her eyes settled uneasily on poor dear Miss Stanton sitting somewhat forlornly on her piled baggage. So unfortunate that her young soldier—still, he would be back. And meanwhile—Miss Edwina slammed her umbrella, whack, on to the greasy sleeve of a gallant groping about the waist of a young female.

Miss Edwina stood no nonsense where the frivolities were concerned. Then she bounced across to Ella Rose, placed the squirming boy on a pile of canvas, and groped within her reticule.

"Such commotion, but one can't really blame them, a ship back from the dead as it were. Now which? I gave Mrs. Cornell her letter, you see, from that devoted little Kate, and I thought it might be a comfort for you to read your own letter now . . .

Ambrose child, you are not lost, your grandmother is ashore. Ambrose . . ." She thrust a letter into Ella Rose's hand and hurried after the boy toddling round a corner.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him."

—Lamentations 3:24.

Ella Rose wished that her eyes would clear. It must be the heat haze. Yes, the heat haze. She blinked rapidly, her fingers fumbling with the letter seal, then she stared at the stilted, precise letters: Dear Mrs. Cornell, Madam . . . The woman had confused the letters. Then she stiffened. The scarlet of a military jacket. And there was no mistaking Mark's red hair.

She felt panic, sharp and horrible. At first, when Mark had not been there to greet the ship, just Miss Plum and her vague explanations, she had known relief, a respite, as if something might, after all, be resolved of itself. But now he was here, taller somehow, more handsome than ever if that were possible.

The Duckworth girls were staring, of course they were staring, and he was looking at them. Yes, he was. He was certainly not looking at her. Instead of the loving things she had rehearsed a thousand times, instead of throwing herself into his arms as she had ached to do all these years, she said briskly, staring at the second button of his tunic.

"They're unwed, and more than willing I would say."

"You must be weary, Ella Rose," he said. Very quietly. Almost coldly.

So she looked weary, did she? Older, too, doubtless. And why not? So much had happened to make her more serious, more responsible. She was twenty-one, she had nursed her father through his long illness, she had looked after her young brothers and stretched finances to breaking point and finally made this long voyage out. Because she loved him? No, because she loved the Mark Dennis she remembered, not this casual, offhand officer flirting with two silly girls.

She didn't want a brash,

indolent young soldier. She wanted a dependable, responsible, loving husband; a man who would look after her. Ah, how she needed that.

"We had anything but a pleasant journey, you know." Now she raised her eyes to his; two pairs of eyes meeting at last, detached, remote.

"So I understand. Sydney's been turned upside down."

"Oh, I can quite understand the tragedy of a town without its Christmas mail and parcels and fine new fashions—"

"Your temper hasn't improved, I see."

Temper? When had she ever had a temper? She must not cry, she must not, whatever happened she must keep her pride. "Neither has that sarcastic tongue of yours."

"Sarcastic! Well . . ."

"And I've got a good mind, a very good mind—"

"To return thirteen thousand miles? It that it?"

"Better that, don't you agree, than to make a mistake I—both of us—might regret?"

"What a pity then, at least where my time and money are concerned, that you did not decide all this earlier."

"Oh, oh." The small amethyst ring he had given her long ago would not come off, no matter how she tugged. And all the time he just stood there, maddeningly, watching her. Finally the ring came over her knuckle, but so suddenly it flew into the air and rolled across the deck.

"Might as well retrieve some of my losses I suppose," he drawled, and went searching.

The enormity of him! She would find the ring herself, and return it with a deep and cutting disdain. But he was flicking it from under a trunk, dusting it off, polishing it. She grabbed. He moved, quickly, and she went sprawling, sitting down suddenly, more humiliated than hurt. And there she burst into violent, angry tears. She could not help it. She did not even want to help it. She was tired and homesick. Heartsick, too.

"I wouldn't marry you, Mark Dennis," she wailed, "not if you were to beg on your knees." But then, somehow, he was beside her, right there in the middle of the deck, in front of everyone, seeking her hands, imploring:

"Don't, don't say such things, don't cry. I've waited so long and wanted you so much, but I've been afraid—the waiting you know—that even if you did come out you wouldn't feel the same, and wouldn't be frank about it, and I couldn't stand that, so I thought I'd make it easy for you."

"Don't cry, Ella Rose, don't—" He broke off to stare at the letter clutched in her hand. Of course . . . the letter. That stupid, awful letter . . . "But I didn't mean a word of it. Not a word," and he snatched the letter and tore it to shreds and tossed it to the winds.

"But—" She broke off, gasping; he was holding her so tightly she could scarcely breathe.

"Not another word. We're wasting time." And then he stopped all speech by placing his mouth on hers. And neither thought of anything more, certainly nothing as mundane and inadequate as a letter.

Harriet Cornell moved to greet her husband, William, she decided, looked as distinguished as ever, as decisive as ever, a little heavier, a little—if it were possible—

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Pittosporums

FOR FRAGRANCE AND SHADE

● From the coast to the dry inland there are many species of *Pittosporum*, and these flowering trees can be chosen for hedges and small windbreaks, tubs, and shrubberies, and grown as specimen trees.

MOST of the cultivated species come from Australia and New Zealand.

The name *Pittosporum* (accent is on the second syllable) is derived from Greek words meaning "pitch seed," a reference to the sticky substance surrounding the seeds.

Most are readily grown from seed, but they can also be propagated by cuttings, using half-ripened wood in late summer.

PITTOSPORUM UNDULATUM is found in the eastern States, and is quite common in N.S.W., usually in coastal gullies.

It is sometimes known as Native Daphne or Mock Orange, and forms a small to medium-sized tree with beautifully perfumed white flowers in early spring.

The tree prefers rather heavy moist soils, and can be cut by heavy frosts. There is a variegated form with silver margins to the leaves.

PITTOSPORUM RHOMBIFOLIUM is a very attractive tree, pyramidal in habit, and growing up to 40ft., usually less. It occurs on the



PITTOSPORUM TOBIRA

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north coast of N.S.W. and in Queensland.

The leaves are distinguished from other species by having coarsely toothed edges. The white flowers in spring are followed by masses of bright orange fruits in autumn and winter.

These make it a very desirable tree for gardens and street planting. It requires a warm coastal or sub-tropical area for its best growth.

PITTOSPORUM PHYLLIRAE-OIDES, unlike other species, is found in dry inland areas, where it is known variously as Berrigan, Butter-wood, and Locket Bush. The last name refers to the attractive yellow fruits which open in two parts to show sticky orange-red seeds.

A slender, graceful little tree with drooping branches, it is useful for western gardens and can also be grown as a hedge or small windbreak. The aborigines made an infusion from the plant for the relief of internal pains and cramps.

PITTOSPORUM REVOLUTUM is a shrub with small yellow flowers in



P. RHOMBIFOLIUM, in berry Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 128

spring and orange fruits in autumn which open to show scarlet seeds. A native of Victoria, N.S.W., and Queensland, it can be grown as a garden shrub or hedge in districts that are not too cold.

PITTOSPORUM BICOLOR (Ban-yalla or Cheesewood) is a small tree found in cool moist districts in Tasmania, Victoria, and N.S.W. It has small clusters of bright yellow flowers.

PITTOSPORUM EUGENIOIDES (Tarata or Lemonwood), from New Zealand, is a slender, fast-growing, attractive little tree with light green leaves, 2in. to 4in. long, pleasantly lemon-scented when crushed.

The small, greenish-yellow flowers are closely clustered and strongly scented. It is hardy in most temperate climates, and is suitable for hedges or as a specimen. There is a variegated form.

PITTOSPORUM CRASSIFOLIUM (Karo), from New Zealand, is one of the hardiest and most useful shrubs or small trees for coastal planting, for it endures salt-laden winds.

It has thick, leathery, glossy leaves, 2in. or 3in. long, and small scented reddish or chocolate-colored flowers. There is a variegated form.

Another New Zealander, *Pittosporum tenuifolium* (Kohuhu), is suitable for hedges and screening.

PITTOSPORUM TOBIRA (Japanese *Pittosporum*) is a native of China and Japan. It grows to about 10ft. and has thick, leathery, dark green leaves 2in. to 3½in. long, and fragrant white or yellow flowers.

It stands up to sea winds, and in the East is often grown as a house plant.—R. H. ANDERSON.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

PICTURES WITHOUT PAINT

● Don't despair if you can't afford a picture for your room and the bareness of the walls is getting you down. Here is the answer — machine-stitched pictures.



FOUR designs to copy — use zig-zag attachment for solid parts, ordinary stitch forms outside and straight lines. Try experimenting with color.



FOR the less artistic who cannot seize brush and paint and set to when a new picture is needed for the house, this is an amusing and interesting solution.

This is one of the less conventional forms of art: all that is needed is a sewing-machine (preferably electric) and a minimum of materials.

The choice of stitches is wide, any type of material can be used and colors can tone with your room.

The beauty of this type of work is that you can compose your own pictures once you have become adept enough at using the machine. But until you feel really at home making fashion stitches, it is best to use a guide transfer.

Practise and become proficient with the stitches, then adapt them to suit various designs. These are limitless—transfers, designs from books, freehand sketches all can be used once you have the knack of controlling the machine.

Stitches are worked on the machine from which attachments have been removed, and practice will enable you to produce a range of fascinating patterns and stitches.

To prepare your sewing-machine: Remove presser foot, lower feed or cover it (special covers are provided on the more modern machines), adjust tension.

Thread the bobbin and load the machine as you would for ordinary machine-stitching. Once you are more proficient, different effects can be produced if bobbin and spool are wound loosely.

When the necessary adjustments have been made, set the material to be worked into a machine embroidery hoop (this type should be used as it is firmer). These hoops come in three sizes, and cost from 6/9.

Use No. 11 needle and embroidery thread. Later it is interesting to experiment with thicker threads, which give a boucle appearance.

Practise first on an old piece of material so you can get the tension even, because this is most important. All types of stitches and designs can be worked. In the examples shown here, an ordinary stitch forms the straight outside lines and the zig-zag attachment fills in the solid sections.

The length of the stitches alters according to the speed at which the material is moved (fast for long stitches, slow for small).

When working, it is wise to hold the fingers close to the needle, gripping the hoop firmly to prevent it sliding.

Work on the right side of the material unless you are aiming at the boucle effect, in which the work is done on the wrong side.

Finished pictures should be blocked and mounted. The easiest way to mount them is to paste the picture on to plywood, hardboard, or similar material with a white paste glue, and bind the edges. These pictures look more effective without glass.

Some sewing-machine companies give free lessons in this type of work.

Continued from page 43

THE CHRISTMAS SHIP

duller. She sighed. But she should be accustomed to the legal mind, she had lived with it a long time. She felt his dry, dutiful kiss on her cheek. Well, they never pretended, at least never to each other.

"You look well, William," she said.

"Which is surprising, Harriet, considering the annoyances of these past weeks and this morning's early rising."

"You must speak severely to the elements then," she murmured, counting her boxes and frowning at the letter in her hand. Dear Miss Plum—but so very absent-minded. She had almost opened the letter, too. And here was William, impatient to be away.

"We are ready as soon as the Harrisons—we travelled with them, you know—bring the child along."

"Child? What child?"

"Maureen Sweeney. Kate's young sister."

"More of the Irish? Really, Harriet—"

"Cannot you even try to understand, William, what it must have been like for Kate to leave that child behind—a child of only seven or eight now—when it was for this young sister that she stole and was sent out!"

"We must have laws, Harriet." He brushed a speck of dust carefully from his waistcoat.

"Well, the law has had its turn with the Sweeneys. Kate has almost completed her sentence."

"True. One very good reason I felt we should not stand in her way when she asked to go north with the Chaunceys. After all, the sons are very eligible."

Her face went a little white. "You had no right—"

"I had every right, Harriet. Every right."

Deliberately, she steadied her voice. "Your opinion of the Chauncey sons is not shared by me, or by most of Sydney for that matter, certainly not by Kate. I am sorry to have to say this, William, but I do not believe Kate asked to go."

"I did not expect that you would. But by now the girl is well on the road north, and you will never really know, will you?"

She frowned. "Perhaps, yes, perhaps her letter to me will explain many things."

"Letter?" He was very still. "What letter?"

"You did not know she could write, did you, William? Oh, yes, Kate can write. I taught her. She sent me a letter by Miss Plum. But—"

With scarcely a movement of his body, and no change at all in his expression, William Cornell flicked the letter from her hand and slid it into his coat pocket.

"Don't make a scene, for it will be quite useless; you will not get the chance to read the girl's lies."

"Kate would never write lies. And as to the journey north—"

She turned to shade her eyes and look out

over the water. Scudding little boats made a path between the ship and the wharf, thick with its impatient crowd. Her eyes skimmed. Suddenly, she smiled.

"She is on the wharf waiting for me, see? How blessed that the Clarabelle came in this morning." She held out her hands to the little girl running across the deck toward her, then turned with the child to face her husband.

"No, I shall not make a scene. It will not be necessary. If you look, you will see that the letter you stole is not for me. It must be returned to Miss Plum by this sailor here." She held out her hand. "If you please, William, the letter."

Two iron-strong arms swept Miss Edwina off her feet, Ambrose and all, and a resounding kiss was planted on her plump cheek before she was set down again to sway dizzily. "Captain Gorton, sir," she gasped, "have you been visiting the public-houses already?"

"I've not been ashore, woman," he thundered, "and weel y' know it. . . . Now what's this, what's this?"

"A letter. At least . . ."

Still flustered, Miss Plum took a deep breath and straightened her bonnet plumes, "a ccin, that the boy Tomah—"

"Ella Rose!" Captain Gorton shook the paper under her nose. "Do I look like an Ella Rose? Do I, Miss Plum?"

"Dear me. Dear, dear me."

And Miss Plum refolded the letter unhappily, moved Ambrose to her other arm, and scrambled once again in her reticule.

"Now where . . . The boy was so insistent, you see, that I promised . . . indeed, I was glad to do so for he's been acting so strangely of late, clinging to the wharf with his grandfather, and no one able to do a thing. A relief, actually, when he said they were going away—"

"Jumping Jehosaphat." Captain Gorton slapped his gnarled hand against his forehead. "Ma loud-mouthed promise . . ."

"Promise?" Miss Plum drew herself up to her full five feet and began to twirl her umbrella. "Exactly what did you promise those aborigines, Captain Gorton?"

"A slip o' the tongue it was, Miss Plum, just a slip o' the tongue."

"Did you, by chance — for all Sydney knows they've been wanting to go south for a long time — promise to take them on your ship? Did you, Captain Gorton?"

His shoulders sagged. "Aye, Miss Plum, I did, but I was in ma cups, y' see and—"

"You invariably are in your cups, as you put it, Captain Gorton, with more shame to you, but if you do not honor your promise—"

"Oh, I'll take 'em, Miss Plum, I'll take 'em." He grasped the umbrella trembling one inch beneath his nose. "If I can find 'em, that is."

"And you'll find them, Captain Gorton, or my name's

not Edwina Plum." And the umbrella trembled strongly in his strong hand.

"This ship will not sail an inch down-harbor till I see them nice and comfortable aboard. You may spend your life fighting fires and storms at sea — and the devil himself for your soul on shore — but if you do not take that old man and his grandson south, I'll—"

"Ah, Miss Edwina lass . . ." He stood, legs firmly planted, arms folded, laughing at her admiringly. "I wish I had ye aboard the Clarabelle, for if ever a woman might turn back the waves of a fiery gale by the wrath of her own fiery breath, ye'd be the one."

"Something like King Canute, you mean?" Miss Plum mused, and turned Ambrose right side up again.

Someone thrust a letter into her hand. "With Mrs. Cornell's compliments, Miss Plum," and was off again. Oh, dear, dear, the Captain's letter; yes, if she pressed very hard, she could feel the coin inside. And the Captain disappeared entirely. Then where was Kate Sweeney's letter to Mrs. Cornell? But no time now to be sorting out letters. Now she must find Emma, the children were getting out of hand.

SHE thrust the two letters into her reticule and dumped umbrella, bird-cage, reticule, Ambrose, and other sundries, all higgledy-piggledy, on to a pile of blankets, directed a bewildered female to keep an eye on the lot, and went bouncing round corners in search of her elusive nurse-girl.

No Emma. Not even a sound or sight of her. Bouncing back to babies, tasks, and pandemonium, Miss Plum stopped dead.

Pieces of paper fluttered about the absorbed Ambrose, happily tearing scraps into tinier scraps. Papers . . . letter, and lists . . . Miss Plum hurried herself across the deck, to flurry and search and chase things in the wind, and finally stare down helplessly at her reticule bob-bobbing on the water below. But she held Tomah's coin safely in her hand.

Ambrose looked up, blinked in the sun, and hiccupped. Miss Plum snatched him up. She meant to paddle him soundly, but he laughed at her, and she hugged him instead. So many, many children to take under her wing. And she had always hated that reticule, an ugly leftover from her last year's bazaar.

The Christmas ship was here, and the soldier groom had whisked away his bride-to-be, and the old native and the boy would be found, and Mrs. Cornell was taking a long-lost child into her home. And after all, letters could always be written over again. And as to lists . . . well, there was never an end to lists. Miss Edwina cuddled and rose and laughed with him. A happy, happy, Christmas after all.

(Copyright)



Make a Mistletoe Ball

● *This Mistletoe Ball was among the frivolities made by passengers during a recent voyage of the Monterey to Sydney. They attended flower-arrangement classes given by U.S. florists Jerry Stathatos and Boyd Bersinger, of Broadway Florist, California.*

PICTURED are the florists' directions for making the ball. Basic needs are a plastic-foam ball, ribbons, "jewelled" hatpins and brooches, and plastic mistletoe.



1. Place end of widest ribbon at any point and anchor at both corners with pins.



2. Pull ribbon firmly round ball to 1 in. from starting point. Cut and pin, and start second band at right angles.



3. Cross second ribbon over first at spot directly opposite starting point.



4. Cut and anchor second ribbon 1/2 in. from its start. Ball should now be quartered evenly and have a square bald spot at one end.



5. Bisect the four white areas in same manner with two more strips of the same width.

6. To cover remaining white strips, use a continuous piece of medium-width ribbon. Anchor over bald spot, wrap firmly round ball, and cover the next white area. When ball is covered, anchor ribbon with two pins and cut.



7. Centre narrowest ribbon over medium ribbon and wind in same direction.



8. Make a bow base for the handle with a fold of medium-width ribbon. Overlap ends slightly in centre of bow.



9. Pin bow in centre to one end of the ball.



10. Make handle with narrow ribbon. Overlap ends, run jewelled pin through inside loop, and anchor to bow.

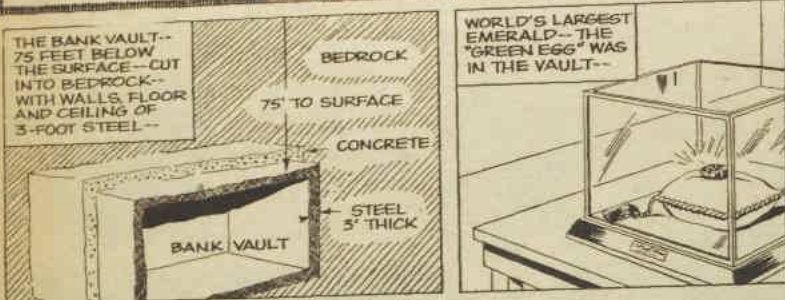


11. Finish opposite end with decorative pin. Add mistletoe and "jewels."



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

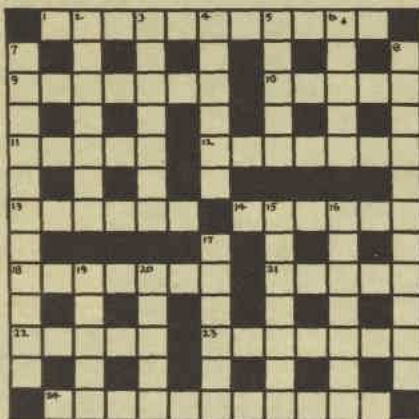
MANDRAKE is attempting to solve the mystery of the strange thefts. Like the diamond robbery, the disappearance of the world's largest emerald seems incredible considering the precautions taken. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. These melodies might come from a clockwork bird (6-5).
9. This particular thing can clear it (7).
10. Senior, not from Spain, but Norway (5).
11. A right to detain goods of a foreigner (5).
12. Essential part of anything (7).
13. Stagger, no wonder, it starts as a small child (6).
14. Walk with long steps (6).
18. An eight-sided figure (7).
21. Such sound is to be found in a saloon (5).
22. Domestic animal kept on the shore (5).
23. Part of a gun, consisting mostly of a narrow drum of a machine (7).
24. Fitting food to precede a haggis (6, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Strike gently a disurbance for a country-lover (7).
3. Make angry with an agreeable perfume (7).
4. Almost tailless diving birds (6).
5. Kind of leopard, sixteen of them make a pound (5).
6. Prickly shrub growing on a broken rose (5).
7. Sudden disaster (11).
8. They may be novel successes (4, 7).
15. Port in Morocco (7).
16. Hit sign with power of acute observation (7).
17. Seize suddenly and disturb cat inside (6).
19. Cat or a card game (5).
20. Large; can consume its own end (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

An Adelaide schoolgirl who used ingenuity, willpower, and hard work to save £660/6/6 in two years tells you . . .

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

● I was still going to school, but in two years saved £660/6/6. It all started with the night I missed my bus and decided to walk the distance of a few bus stops. I continued walking for almost 20 minutes thinking about many things that I normally would not have time to.

WHEN I had only three stops to go the second bus lumbered past, but within an hour from setting out I was home, thus saving myself my first amount of money—the almost negligible sum of 1/6.

From that day I walked home every night. I came to school by bus, as I wanted to be fresh for any new work, but the home-ward journey was a different matter, for not only did it offer good exercise, which was badly needed, time to think about my life, and the many money-raising schemes, but it also saved me 7/6 each week.

I did this for 84 weeks, which gave me £31/5/-. I also received 5/- a week as pocket-money, which had to be placed in the bank. One - hundred - and - four weeks of pocket-money gave me £26/-/-.

Each Saturday I worked in a shop from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m., with one hour off for lunch. Fares were nil, as the man next door owned the shop and I went with him and his wife both ways by car.

For this I earned £3/10/- a day, and over two years this amounted to £364/-/-.

On every second or third week I helped out at a hotel which was only a few streets from us. My task varied from time to time, but I usually had to control the dish-washing machine—and everyone who has ever used one can tell you that there is nothing simpler.

On busy days I helped to lay and serve the tables. The work was easy and it only lasted four to five hours in the afternoon. It also gave us free entertainments, as we often saw and spoke to many of today's popular television and radio personalities who took part in the floorshows. I feel sorry for those girls

who think that hotel work is menial. They are wrong in thinking this and they are missing lots of fun.

My father is a research chemist, my brother is studying to be an engineer, and my mother used to be a schoolteacher, and they didn't mind that I was doing this kind of work.

I took on these jobs to fill in spare time and to find my own feet without always relying on others.

Dad says this work has kept me off the streets, taught me the value of money, and, above all, to learn to live with people of all walks of life.

ADDING IT ALL UP . . .

Saved bus fares	£31/5/0
Pocket-money	£26/0/0
Saturday job	£364/0/0
Hotel	£130/0/0
Pot plants	£15/0/0
Shares	£3/10/0
Teenagers' Weekly	£1/1/0
Christmas holidays	£72/0/0
Stamps	£17/10/6

MAKES £660/6/6

Besides earning £130 at the hotel, I learnt to set a table for many various foods using different cutlery for different courses. I also watched carefully when all the food was prepared and later tried it at home.

In the first year a neighbor suggested that I grow plants in pots. So I planted 80 pots with various plants, though mainly "ornamental chillies."

I sold them at 4/6 each, which gave £18 minus 80 pots at 9d. each (£3).

The total profit was £15. That same year I bought £35 worth of shares in a co-operative company

which was referred to my father by friends in America. This company was only started that year in Adelaide and it offered an interest of 10 per cent.

I received £3/10/- from this, but I am now going to buy many more shares.

I also earned £1/1/- from having an article printed in Teenagers' Weekly.

For the last two Christmas holidays I have worked in a shop, thus earning £36 each time, giving a total of £72.

We have five little girl neighbors who are constantly at our place, so I hit on a wonderful idea of keeping them occupied. I got hold of all my parents' office mail, and gave a bundle to each child, together with a pair of scissors.

If you have ever tried to cut out stamps hour after hour you will know what a horrible job this is and how soon you become discouraged.

But I made sure that they would not be.

I organised races to see who could cut out the most, offering prizes to the winner and also to the one who removed the most stamps from the water after they had been soaked off the paper.

After buying enormous Christmas presents for my helpers, the total profit was £17/10/6.

To some these amounts may seem like chicken feed, but you must remember that I was still a schoolgirl and most of my girlfriends had nothing saved.

Besides, I spent two weeks in the country each year, coming home only for the Saturday job, and I also had the full May and September holidays without any jobs, plus the two weeks at Christmastime.

The two years have been fun and rewarding in money and, most of all, experience.

—O. HRYHOR

SWITCHED-ON FASHIONS . . .

. . . from the shops show wonderful round-the-clock co-ordinates and ways to get with the new "in" look in pale textured stockings.



● The outlook is bright and sunny in the collection of dazzling new arnel co-ordinates from Honolulu pictured on this page at left, right, and lower right. These clothes are great fun to wear, and the sky's the limit when it comes to switching the pieces around for different fashion effects. (Available at David Jones Ltd., Sydney.)

ABOVE: Youthful arnel sharkskin sundress, the skirt gaily striped from hip to hem, the square-cut bodice nicely nipped with the aid of a back zip and finished with a tiny self-bow at side waist. 18gns. RIGHT: Resort clothes in arnel sharkskin and arnel sheer designed to turn heads. Nifty playsuit (it's cotton lined) has "boy" legs, a back zip, and shirred panels. 12 gns. Swirly puff-sleeved cover-up coat in boldly striped arnel sheer looks very NOW. 13 gns. FAR RIGHT: Buttoned tunic jacket, worn above matching tapered pants lined with cotton, has long puff sleeves. 21 gns. the set.



● White textured stockings are "in" now in a big way with teenagers everywhere from Soho to Sydney. White hosiery has a definite look to it that is unusual and most effective when teamed with teenage casual and not-so-casual clothes and the right kind of shoes. Shoe styles are downright clumpy or else cutaway and strapped, with medium heels. The pictures at left and right show two different versions of this new trend.

GAILY PRINTED tetoron shift (left), double-frilled at neck and sleeves, with matching cutaway shoes and white Mod-mesh sheers. Shift sizes 10 to 16. £6/19/11. White Mod-mesh stockings by Holeproof, 9/11.

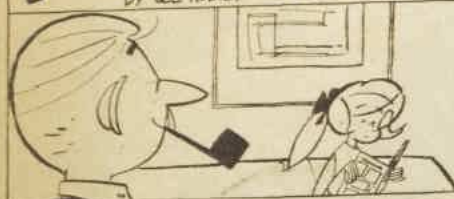
SWISS COTTON chiffon (right) with pretty petal collar, in range of sizes and colors (£6/19/11), is teamed with plain black calf shoes to contrast with identical white Mod-mesh stockings. (At Farmer's, Sydney, Gordon, and Miranda stores.)



POPULAR way to look at home in sun country or gracing someone else's patio—the long skirt (expect to see more of them around from now on), repeating here the stripe motif below a spare shell top, sleeveless, collarless, simply plain. The skirt is lined. 23 gns. the set.

PONYTAIL

by LEE HOLLEY



Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

A letter (in T.W.) led to love

ABOUT four years ago I wrote a letter to T.W. complaining about life on a dairy-farm. Because of that letter I now have pen-pals all over the world.

One person who wrote to me (he had been working on a dairy-farm) practically called me a liar and said I was crazy.

We corresponded for a few months, contradicting each other, and then one day he visited our farm.

Now here is where I have to thank T.W. If my letter had not been printed I would probably never have met this boy, who, eight months after we met, became my husband.

(He did change my mind about farming.)—*Ex-Farm Girl, Beechwood, N.S.W.*

Weekend visits

HERE are a few dos and don'ts for a happy weekend visit to a friend's house. DO watch your table manners.

Always say "please" and "thank you." Make nice comments on the cooking or the house.

Make your bed every day, as soon as you get up. Offer to help with the washing-up, and go to bed at the same time as everyone else.

DON'T spend more than five minutes in the shower. Don't leave your clothes all over the bedroom, and don't take up too much room.

Don't sit down to watch TV before everyone else. Don't complain about the programmes.

Don't sleep in, and don't walk around the house in your pyjamas. Don't eat everything in the house.

If there is a picture or a vase in the lounge-room that you don't like, don't say anything awful about it.

Don't forget to thank your hostess and her parents for a wonderful visit. —*"Manners," Beacon Hill, N.S.W.*

Travelling life

HAVING become fed up with the monotony of everyday life in suburban Sydney, my girlfriend and I decided to exchange our secure jobs for a few years of wandering, thus seeing a greater part of Australia and meeting a wider range of people than would ever have been possible.

We have been on the road for four months now and have loved every minute of it, although we have sometimes been light on money and sleep.

Many people condemn this life for various reasons, but, in our experience, the rewards far outweigh the risks and discomforts. I would urge young people to use their holidays in meeting real Australians in contrast to the artificial types who throng popular tourist resorts. —*Patsy Hely, Milton, Qld.*

Private schools

IT has been said that too many scholarships and other educational awards are given to pupils at private schools, and that their parents do not need any help to give their children the benefit of a higher education.

We believe that these ideas are quite wrong, and are quite sure that many of the complainers do not realise that parents have had to sacrifice many things in order to send their children to private schools. If they do realise, they are obviously not willing to do the same for their own children.

Quite often pupils are at private schools by means of a scholarship awarded to them while at a State school or high school. This means they sometimes have the ability to win other scholar-

ships to help them further. The Government is trying to help those with the ability to matriculate and to continue their education. Whether the pupil attends a private school or a high school has nothing to do with it.

We are fed up with unjust criticism. —*"Tull and Gyp," Barham, N.S.W.*

Ballet benefits

FOR three years now I have been learning ballet, and I think I have gained a lot from it. It has benefited me in many ways — I have a greater understanding of French, I am more poised, and I have also learnt a lot of history of the countries connected with ballet.

I think that at some time in everybody's life they

should try to learn ballet, even if they learn it for only a short time. It is beautiful, moving, graceful, happy, and sad all at the same time. —*Debbie Madin, North Geelong, Vic.*

NEXT WEEK

• Singer Lucky Starr and his fiancée, Gloria O'Brien, have to furnish their home unit before their marriage in a few weeks. Read about one furniture-hunting expedition that ended in a decision to either "buy the whole store or eat off bare boards." Color pictures, too.
• Big color pin-up of the new, sophisticated Patsy Ann Noble, plus a story of her disappointment at her "failure" in England.

First-date kisses

• "Experience" asked if a girl should give a boy a goodnight kiss after a first date. Here are readers' replies.

IN my opinion "Experience" is fast to expect a girl to kiss him after one date. A girl should not feel obliged to do so. A kiss is a token of affection and gratitude.

A girl is particular about whom she kisses, and may wish to establish a definite relationship before kissing. Hers is the option. Of course, there's no harm in asking. —*Alf Campbell, Capel, W.A.*

IT is all right, I think, if a girl gives her date a small kiss on the cheek. It is a way for her to show him how much she has enjoyed her evening. You boys should try to give your date a kiss on the cheek at the end of the evening. The girl mightn't show it, but she will think it's wonderful. —*"Try It," Beaumont, S.A.*

IF a boy expects a goodnight kiss after a first date, I feel that he is asking for some sort of repayment, and that the girl is quite justified in refusing.

If she has enjoyed his company and is grateful for his interest in her, she will let him know by the way she speaks to him and her manner in general toward him during the evening.

I think also that there would be more respect between boy and girl if he did not try to kiss her, and she did not encourage him to do so. —*S. Fraser, Maryborough, Qld.*

THE writer was quite right in saying that his evening would have been more of a success if this girl had given him even a slight kiss on the cheek. Even if I am not keen on the boy who takes me out,

I never refuse a kiss, because quite often this is regarded as an insult by the boy. —*"Experienced," South Gippsland, Vic.*

IF you like him enough I don't see anything wrong with giving a boy a goodnight kiss after a first date. I think it shows gratitude for a wonderful evening. —*"Okay," New Farm, Qld.*

A BOY should not expect a girl to kiss him on a first date, after which relationships are quite often a little unsteady. Surely a friendly "goodnight" or "thank you" would reassure the boy.

If he needs further reassuring, he could ask for another date at a suitable time, and not too far away. The answer should let him know where he stands. —*"Doug James," Boort, Vic.*



"Honestly, Emma, you'd think the phone box was on fire."

BEAUTY — and the beastly bother of achieving it . . .

● I've worn false eyelashes . . . gone on banana and milk diets . . . tried steaming away excess pounds in an 80-degree turkish bath . . . bathed my face in raw egg-yolk . . . and I've finally come to the conclusion that this fight to be beautiful is just sheer agony.

MEN certainly have it good. When they see a well-groomed woman with a clear complexion, sleekly coiffured hairdo, and huge eyes, they think it's all a gift from nature.

They just don't know how many women have to suffer to appear "beautiful."

The clear complexion is often gained after months of

different remedies for my many physical defects.

I salted the corners of my mouth to reduce its size; slept with my legs up the wall to prevent varicose veins; taped my ears to the side of my head so they wouldn't stick out; and bound my feet in the best Chinese tradition so they would be small and feminine.

None of these "old wives' tale" remedies were really successful.

I suffered agonies for five years when I wore braces on my top and bottom sets of teeth, only to be told recently by a man that I "had a lovely smile" and he "just loved those big buck teeth."

However, now I take my beauty problems to the experts—cosmeticians and those people who have been trained in figure problems and know what they're talking about.

But the agonies are far from over.

There seems nothing I can do about the shape of my legs, and most of the time I just forget all about them until someone looks at an old school photograph of me and says, "You have legs just like milk bottles upside down."

But store cosmeticians tell me there's plenty I can do about my eyes. Apparently I must remove the bags underneath them and the wrinkles at the corners and make them dramatic.

The first step I took toward dramatic eyes was to purchase some false eyelashes. The cosmetician applied them for me and told me how to care for them, take them off, and trim them.

They looked wonderful until I took them off and tried to reapply them. There was certainly drama around my eyes then, but not the

evil-smelling mud packs, greasy lotions, chin-reducing exercises, and expert "blood tingling" massages.

Men have no idea how painful it is to pluck one's eyebrows, how uncomfortable it is to sleep in rollers, or how "breathtaking" it is to squeeze into those figure-slimming step-ins!

"Any woman can be beautiful": I agree, but I am sure that those women who start off life with few nature-endowed advantages certainly have to pay a price for their beauty.

And I am also sure that I have suffered as much as any woman could just trying to be ATTRACTIVE.

As a young teenager I pumiced the freckles off my nose and went to bed with a clothes-peg on its tip in an effort to achieve a pert up-tilt. All I got was a raw bruised effect and freckles again the next summer.

My schoolmates all had



drama beauty experts have in mind.

To put on false eyelashes you must glue them to the lids just above your own lashes.

First of all I put them on upside down—the graceful curl turning downwards into my eyes instead of outwards.

Then I managed to achieve a wonderful wide-eyed look—yes, I had glued my upper lid to the under part of my eyebrow.

I couldn't close my eyes.

But the real test for my dramatic eyes came when I wore the lashes to a party. They were on when I left home, but after ten minutes in a smoke-filled, crowded

Story and drawings by JENNY IRVINE

room the glue and smoky atmosphere reacted.

My eyes went bright red, puffy, and watered horribly.

Apparently the secret of putting on false eyelashes is just a matter of practice, so I'm still trying.

But all the tortures I suffer in my efforts to be attractive aren't physical. At the hairdresser I go through a mental torment.

I cut my hair two months ago and it hasn't changed much—the crown is still about half an inch in length while the sides are nine inches long.

"But, Madam," the hairdressers say as they are about to set my hair, "what has happened to your hair? Did you have a disease?"

I try to reply nonchalantly that I just cut it myself, but always end up feeling like a naughty schoolboy.

"No! You didn't. But, Madam, you should never cut your own hair—it's terrible." They continue to politely reprimand me, "Tsk, tsks," and call other assistants over to see "what naughty Madam did."

I always feel like disappearing up the drier and get so guilty and embarrassed that I walk into those full-length mirrors so many salons place beside a doorway.

To appear beautiful is certainly an up-hill struggle . . . denying yourself food you love to suffer like a martyr eating spinach and liver—"so good for the figure" . . . experimenting with every beauty aid only to take off a face mask, look in the mirror, and be struck by a stark cold fact . . . you're NOT beautiful.

However, despite all the pains and agonies I go through, it all seems worth while when HE says "You're beautiful" . . .

Then I really feel I AM beautiful.



ROUND ROBIN

TEE WAS NOT FOR TWO!

● An Englishman recently divorced his wife because she became too good at, and too interested in, golf.

APPARENTLY, her passion for golf was so great that she let her home and marriage go to pieces.

This case of golf making a hole in one romance is notable.

Usually the spiked shoe is on the other foot, for it is traditionally the husband's mad driving that eventually drives away the wife.

Now, apparently, the problem of women drivers has invaded the golf course.

In the English case it seems the woman's golfing did not improve her husband's handicap.

He would have been happier if she had spent more time with a tea caddy.

Or swapped her two iron for a steam iron.

He obviously didn't think she was going about her housework in a fairway.

It must have been an unhappy time for him.

I mean, it's traditional for a husband to come home and demand, "Where's my tea?"

In this case, however, the wife was probably always asking her husband, "Where's MY tee?"

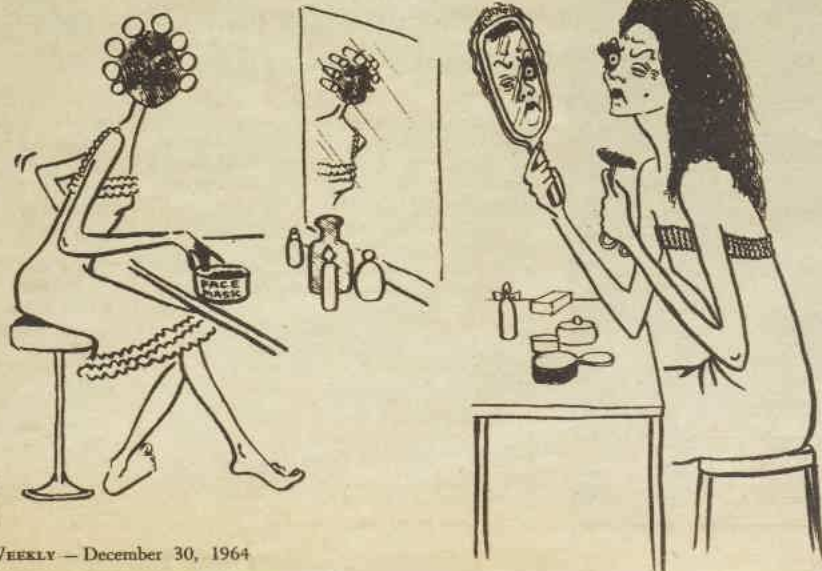
Anyway, wives spend so much time debunking they should not need to spend more in de bunker!

Other husbands—and even boyfriends—should probably take a lesson from the Englishman's experience and forbid their womenfolk to play too much golf.

Indeed, they could ban the game altogether.

Thus, when her wedding pictures are being taken could well be the time a wife should be expected to watch the birdie!

—Robin Adair



Make a mad mob cap- or a pretty one



ROLLER CAP made from organdie trimmed with lace, and modelled by Cherie Delaney. This cap has a 10in. outer and 9in. inner radius, but otherwise follow the simple diagram on this page.



BEACH BONNETS made from polished cotton and bobble braid (left, worn by Kerry Yates, who made the mob caps) and gingham and lace (right, worn by Denise Love). You can make a beach bag to match the caps by altering the basic pattern slightly.

● **Old-fashioned mob caps have gone MOD. Frilly and feminine, they make the cutest beach bonnets or roller caps. Here's how to make one for a few shillings.**

THEY'RE simply made from a circle of material (cotton, denim, linen, hessian, or organdie) with a drawstring threaded through a casing to separate the crown from the brim.

You will need only $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. of material (a remnant will do) and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. of lining (net, organdie, or stiffening), 2 yds. lace or bobble fringing, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. threading ribbon.

DIRECTIONS

1. Pin material and lining together and cut out the circle. (The best way is to have a piece of string the length of the required radius.

Pin one end to the centre point on the lining side. Holding tailor's chalk to the other end, swing clockwise, marking off the circle. Now cut around the chalked line.)

When deciding on the size of your mob cap, make sure the crown of the cap will be big enough to fit over your head when it is gathered in. The brim can be any width you like.

2. Tack right side of material and lining together, inserting a trim if you want to.

3. Sew around edge of circle, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ in. turn and leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ in. unsewn.

4. Press seams open and pull material through to right side.

5. Press flat and over-sew split.

6. Make drawstring casing by running two rows of stitching around the inner circle. The casing on the two beach bonnets is 7 in. from the centre and on the roller cap it is 9 in. to allow for more fullness in the crown.

7. Make a small split in the material at the casing hem and buttonhole it neatly.

8. Thread drawstring ribbon with a safety-pin. For

the roller cap use hat elastic and close up split.

9. Tighten ribbon until the cap is in the shape you like, then knot and tie the ribbon into a bow.

AND BAGS, TOO

If you like the mob cap, why not make a matching beach bag?

Just make the circle larger, the "brim" smaller, and leave the drawstring free so that you pull the bag open and shut. Plastic would be a good lining for the bag.

And why not make an organdie roller-back to match your roller cap?

Indeed, with a little ingenuity and a nifty needle you could make several hats and bags—they make wonderful presents!

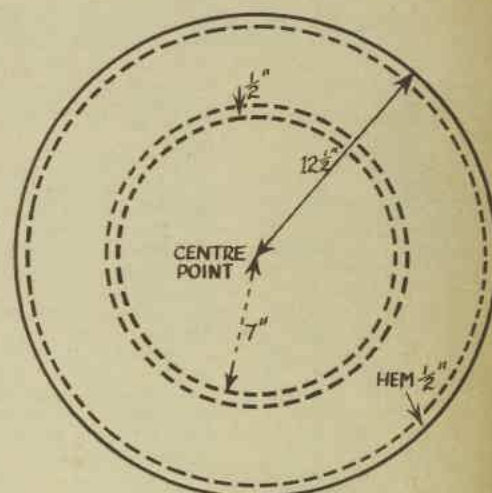


DIAGRAM to illustrate the proportions used to make the beach bonnets pictured above.



IT'S NEARLY CHRISTMAS

Although we have 12 months to prepare for it, Christmas always has its last-minute flurry and confusion of things not done or thought of. Here are a few ideas . . .

- Make an attractive (and quick) decoration for the table or mantelpiece like the one at left by setting candles and flowers (could be plastic) in oranges and arranging them prettily.
- Give your cat or dog a red ribbon to wear and a specially tasty dinner.
- Organise younger brothers and sisters to make finger-paintings to pop in with other presents for relatives.
- Do a last-minute job for someone such as mowing the lawn or cleaning out a cupboard.
- Make a tasty punch.
- Shine up a handful of pennies and give them away for good luck.
- Give a Christmas touch to a Tom Jones bow by adding a sprig of holly or a bright bauble.

- Make last-minute presents such as gay aprons out of scraps of material or a waste-paper basket out of a cardboard box and attractive magazine illustrations. (You glue them on and lacquer them over when dry.)
- Make several batches of biscuits and wrap them up prettily so that you can give some to unexpected visitors.
- Telephone Christmas greetings to friends you forgot to send cards to or won't be seeing.
- Ask a pensioner or lonely person nearby in for a cup of tea and piece of cake.
- Make sure you have fresh flowers throughout the house.
- Hang up some mistletoe — or you'll miss a kiss!

Little sister makes a lot of trouble

"I AM 20 years old and two years older than my sister, who is giving my mother (a widow) a lot of trouble. My younger sister thinks she can do as she likes and is going steady against Mum's wishes. Even though Mum has told her to be in at a certain time she is always ten to 15 minutes late, but Mum always lets that pass by. I've tried talking to her about going steady but she won't take any notice. It hurts me very much to see her always giving Mum a big mouth and I think it would help if Mum really put her foot down. I know that will cause a lot of fighting, but there are two girls in our family who might think they can do the same things after seeing her do them. What is Mum to do? She has a lot of worries."

"Sincere," N.S.W.

I hate to be cruel, but my only advice to you is to keep your nose out of your sister's affairs.

I'm sure your mother is capable of dealing with your sister in her own way.

Three shy boys

"WE are three boys of 15 and we all have similar problems. We all like different girls, but none of us like to show it and we find that we can't talk, and get shy when they speak to us. How can we show our affection to the girls we like?"

"Troubled Boys," N.S.W.

Just by trying to be natural. Speak to these girls as you would to anyone you like.

Try not to think about your own shyness or what you can say — concentrate instead on the girls.

And a warm smile and "hello" is enough to show a girl you are interested in her — you don't have to do back-flips or climb mountains.

They love the boss

"WE are two attractive girls who work in the same office. We both find that we are falling in love with our boss, who takes us both out separately. Our problem is that we are quarrelling with each other over him. We wish to remain good friends, but giving up this man is too hard as neither of us can do without him. What can we do?"

"Two Els," N.S.W.

Your boss doesn't care deeply about either of you, or he wouldn't be taking you both out.

You should realise that you are both playing a losing game, so change your jobs.

If he is sincere about either one of you (which I very much doubt) it surely will be made clear which one he prefers when you have left the office.

A lame story

"I AM desperately in love with this terrific man who sweeps our school floors. He has a lame leg and all the other girls laugh at him and I get very annoyed when they do this. The other day he smiled at me and just for a joke he chased me with his broom. This made me certain that he loves me, but now, to my horror, I find that he is unhappily married with five children. I just can't let him go. What can I do?"

"Morse Code," Vic.

I'm afraid I can't help you with your problem because I don't have a lame leg.

Nor do I have one that whistles when it is pulled!

The party's over

"I AM 16 and I go steady with a boy the same age. He says he likes me and doesn't want to break it off, but lately he has made me bored. He gets extremely jealous of other boys but I don't mind at all when he flirts with other girls. Also, another boy my age has become interested in me and I think I have become interested in him. What should I do?"

"Desperate," N.S.W.

You have obviously lost interest in this boyfriend, so don't keep dangling him on a string any longer.

Louise Hunter

Here's

your answer

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Tell him you don't want to go steady — go out with your new interest if you want to — but go out with other boys as well.

At 16 you should be meeting and liking lots of boys, without tying yourself down to one.

Girl next door

"I AM a 16-year-old boy and I am fond of a 14-year-old girl who lives next door. Our families have been friends for three years now and are quite close. When we were younger our parents joked about us dating when we were older, but now that the time has come and I still like the girl, I feel that our families would still take it as a joke and not seriously. The girl doesn't take me very seriously, either. She has a good personality (that is why I like her) and I would love to get to know her in a more adult way. Do you think our parents will joke and laugh at us if we go out together?"

"Anxious," Vic.

I think you should follow your parents' and the girl's example and not take YOURSELF quite so seriously.

While I think that at 16 and 14 you are both a little too young to be thinking of "serious" dates, I'm sure you could invite this girl on group dates without anyone thinking it was a matter to joke over.

Mum is "terrible"

"I AM writing to tell you how terrible my mother is. She nags at me day after day and makes me get my temper up. I hate being home near her and sometimes feel like running away. I am 14. Who is right and who is wrong?"

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

It takes two to make a quarrel, and I'm sure with a little less "temper" and selfishness on your part, your mother would be far more understanding toward you.

Beauty in Brief

HOLIDAY HAIRDOS

TAKING time by the forelock, almost literally, is a big factor in looking wonderful during the holidays.

Take yourself to the hairdresser in an enterprising mood. Hair for now is almost always smooth, and a bit shorter than it has been for some time.

Study the pictures of short hairstyles. Take your hairdresser's advice about how short it should be for you.

Short hair, properly cut, will almost certainly make you look NEWER. Being light in weight, it will stay put far better when you spray it.

The smoothly rounded hairdo that swings at the ends — worn with or without curved or fluffed bangs — can also be sprayed to stay for party appearances.

Besides adapting to any hair length, this is the special look that young men seem to like — and no girl can go past that, can she? — CAROLYN EARLE.

Butterick PATTERNS



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3175.—Smart semi-fitted sheath with shaped darts. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

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2995.—Semi-fitted dress with dart detail forming pockets, inset front opening with away-from-the-neck collar. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3125.—7 to 14 beach-dress and scarf. Front buttoning, ideal for beach or play. Sizes 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.



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3116.—Semi-fit street-length shift (left) with slightly extended shoulders and pretty flounce at hemline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

9316.—Little girl's full-skirted dress or pinafore. Sizes 1 to 6 (20, 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. chest). Price 4/6 includes postage.



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